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Editor-in-Chief

V. KEMENOV

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. . . Only professional swindlers can assert that the German fascists, who have covered Europe with gallows, who are pillaging and outraging the peaceful population, who are setting fire to and blowing up cities and villages, and destroying the cultural values of the peoples of Europe, can be bearers of European culture. In actual fact the German fascists are enemies of European culture, and the German army is an army of medieval obscurantism, whose function it is to destroy European culture for the sake of implanting the slaveholders' "culture" of the German bankers and barons.

J. STALIN.

FROM THE NOTE SUBMITTED BY

V. MOLOTOV,

PEOPLE'S COMMISSAR OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS OF THE USSR

CONCERNING THE UNIVERSAL ROBBERY AND DESPOLIATION OF THE POPULATION, AND THE MONSTROUS ATROCITIES PERPETRATED BY THE GERMAN AUTHORITIES ON OCCUPIED SOVIET TERRITORY

. . .The German authorities are doing all they can to stamp out every sign of existence of the republics flourishing in the Soviet state—the Ukraine, Byelorussia, Lithuania, Latvia, Esthonia and Moldavia. The German invaders know that these Soviet republics have done enormous work in bringing about a regeneration of their respective peoples along the line of a maximum development of their national cultures, as has been done by all the peoples living in fraternal collaboration in the Soviet Union. The thick-skulled fascists will yet discover that they will never succeed in germanizing and subjugating these peoples. The malicious hatred of the German invaders for the freedom-loving Russian people, and the freedom-loving peoples of the Ukraine, Byelorussia, Latvia, Lithuania, Esthonia and Moldavia knows no bounds. The wrecking of the Ukrainian, Byelorussian and other national cultures, the destruction of national monuments, schools and literatures, and the compulsory germanization of the population, irrespective of nationality, follow in the wake of the German occupation with the same criminal regularity as do plunder, violence, incendiarism and mass murder.

In their fiendish persecution of Russian culture, the German invaders have revealed the utter depravity and Vandalism of German fascism. For a period of six weeks the Germans occupied the world-renowned Yasnaya Polyana estate where Leo Tolstoi, one of the greatest geniuses of mankind, was born, lived and created. This famous memorial to Russian culture, which was cleared of invaders by Red Army units on December 14, was wrecked, befouled and finally burned by the Nazi Vandals. The tomb of the great writer was desecrated by the invaders. Irreplaceable relics relating to the life and work of Leo Tolstoi—rare manuscripts, books and paintings—have either been stolen by the German military or thrown away and destroyed. A German officer named Schwarz, in reply to the request of one of the staff of the museum to stop using the personal furniture and books of the great writer for firewood and to use other wood available for this purpose, declared: "We don't need firewood; we shall burn everything connected with the name of your Tolstoi."

When on the 15th of December the town of Klin was liberated by Soviet troops, it was found that the house in which P. I. Tchaikovsky, the great Russian composer, had lived and worked and which the Soviet state had turned into a museum had been wrecked and plundered by Nazi

officers and soldiers. In the very museum building the perverse invaders set up a garage for motorcycles and heated this garage with manuscripts, books, furniture and other museum exhibits, part of which had in any case been stolen by the German invaders. In doing this, the Nazi officers knew that they were defiling, trampling under foot, some of the most splendid monuments of Russian culture.

During their occupation of the town of Istra, the German troops established a munition dump in a celebrated ancient Russian monastery, known as that of New Jerusalem, founded as early as 1654 and restored in the 18th century by the great architects Rastrelli and Kazakov. The New Jerusalem monastery was outstanding as an historical and religious landmark of the Russian people and famous as one of the largest and most beautiful of edifices. However, this did not prevent the German fascist rascals during their retreat from Istra from blowing up their munition dump in New Jerusalem, thereby reducing this irreplaceable monument of Russian Church history to a heap of ruins.

Among the numerous other acts of Vandalism and desecration committed by the Germans against cultural monuments of the peoples of the USSR, mention must be made of the destruction by the occupants of the monument of the great Ukrainian poet Taras Shevchenko erected in the town of Kanev in the Ukraine, of the house in the town of Tikhvin in which the great Russian composer Rimsky-Korsakov lived, and of the house of the world-famous Russian writer Chekhov in Taganrog.

In the districts of the Soviet Republics occupied by them the German invaders stop at nothing to outrage the national feelings of the Russians, Ukrainians, Byelorussians, Latvians, Lithuanians, Esthonians and Moldavians. This applies also to individuals belonging to the other nationalities of the USSR whom they subject, wherever they encounter them on their bloody path, to the same brutality and outrage, namely, Jews, Georgians, Armenians, Uzbeks, Azerbaijanians, Tajiks, and representatives of other Soviet peoples, all of whom are bound together by feelings of fraternal friendship and collaboration in the Soviet Union.

Claiming to be the representatives of a "higher race," and demanding of the freedom-loving peoples of the Soviet Union the docility of slaves and servile labour performed under the whip, the Hitlerites have by their contemptible and oppressive behaviour evoked indescribable indignation and hatred on the part of all the peoples and among all sections of society in the Soviet Union. The German invaders, who masquerade as the German "higher race," want not only to oppress their own people but also to enslave other peoples. To the Soviet districts occupied by them they bring penal labour, desolation and starvation, and besides they outrage human dignity and national sentiment. The German army invaded our territory in order to annihilate the free life and culture of the peoples of the Soviet Union, to germanize these peoples and transform them into slaves. It is precisely because of this that the peoples of the Soviet Union have united against the hated German army of oppression to form an unyielding and impregnable force.

CULTURE HATERS

By V. Kemenov

ONE of the most grievous of the many crimes perpetrated by Hitler Germany—crimes, which heap infamy upon the German nation—is that of the hitlerite destruction of cultural values, their polluting of national shrines, their desecration of the revered memory of writers, composers, scientists and poets who are the pride of the Russian people, the pride of all civilized nations of the world.

The destruction of a considerable number of cultural values and unique monuments is an inevitable contingency of war. But it would be wrong to ensue from this in attempting to comprehend and explain the calamitous consequences suffered by the cultural and historical treasures of humanity at the hands of the Hitler Germany engine of war.

As early as fifteen centuries ago the German tribe of Vandals stigmatised themselves with notoriety as the ravages of culture and made the very word "Vandalism" synonymous of senseless, ruthless and savagely stolid destruction of the achievements of civilization, culture and art. The war of self-aggrandizement which the Germans waged under Friedrich II was accompanied by the destruction of church and art monuments of France and Poland. During the war of 1914—1918 the troops of Wilhelm II burned, shell-fired and laid waste to Russian cathedrals, Polish churches and architectural structures of the Ukrainian baroque. But it would erroneous to attempt drawing any analogy whatever in alleged explanation of the criminal extirpation of culture which hitlerism is deliberately carrying out on the temporarily invaded territories of the Soviet Union.

The fundamental distinction here is, that in this war of plunder launched and led by Hitler Germany, the destruction of culture is not merely concomitant, a contingency inevitable in all warfare generally. No, the German devastation of the culture of other nations is fully provided for and "justified" in the racial theory of hitlerism. It forms a component part of Hitler's imperialistic policy, calculated on morally crushing the adversary in the course of war and on spiritual enslavement of vanquished nations after the presupposed "victory" of hitlerism throughout the world.

The philosophy of international banditism, expounded in the book "Mein Kampf" contains cynical revelations of ignoramuses who despise culture and civilization. In this book Hitler also gives expression to his hatred of Russia and of all Slavonic nations. The invasion of Soviet Russia by the Hitler hordes, and their occupation of such seats of Russian culture and art as Kiev, Novgorod, Pskov, Chernigov, Smolensk, Yasnaya Polyana, Istra and Klin, were therefore marked by acts of vandalism, patently and deliberately perpetrated by order of the German military command. Wide notoriety has been acquired by Fieldmarshal General Reichenau's Order issued on October 10 1941. This Order, which was approved by Hitler, commands that the only buildings to be left standing intact on Soviet territory are those needed as quarters for the men. "All other buildings," says this Order, "are to be destroyed. No historical or cultural values in the East are of any worth whatever."

It is known that the hitlerite defiling of Yasnaya Polyana and the plundering of the Museum exhibits was calmly contemplated by General Guderian, who had arrived there. It is also known that the German attempt to burn down the Tol-

stoy Museum upon their retreat was done so by direct command of superior officers, just as was the blowing-up of the New Jerusalem Monastery in Istra, the destruction of the "Samson" sculptured fountain in Peterhof and the devastation of the Tsiolkovsky Museum in Kaluga.

Exterminating Russian art, architecture, books, and historical monuments, the hitlerites seek to make the Russian people forget they are Russians, to forcibly teutonise them. In Yasnaya Polyana two hitlerite officers of the "Grosses Deutschland" SS Regiment were conversing, when they caught sight of an infant in the arms of a Soviet schoolteacher. Pointing with his finger, one of the officers said: "Beyond a doubt, this one will never speak Russian." To which the second one gave the rejoinder: "Excepting, maybe, the old people, who'll still remember a few words of Russian. Every one will speak German."

Never, never will the hitlerites accomplish their demented conceptions! To this the whole Soviet nation replies with the words of J. Stalin: "And these men without conscience and honour, these men with the morals of beasts, have the insolence to call for the extermination of the great Russian nation, the nation of Plekhanov and Lenin, Belinsky and Chernyshevsky, Pushkin and Tolstoy, Glinka and Tchaikovsky, Gorky and Chekhov, Sechenov and Pavlov, Repin and Surikov, Suvorov and Kutuzov!. . ."

A second distinctive feature of hitlerite vandalism is in the fact that for the Huns and Vandals the extermination of culture was an insensate act, perpetrated by wild savages obedient to their benighted instincts, a crime done by barbarians standing on a low level of development and unable to appreciate the historical and artistic value of that which they destroyed. Counterposed to this, in the very face of history and humanity, the hitlerites perpetrated their fearful crimes in full possession of their thoughts—consiously and deliberately, being fully aware of the historical and artistic significance of those treasure-houses of culture and those architectural monuments—cathedrals, museums and libraries which they have ruthlessly doomed to destruction.

A few months before the onslaught against the USSR, in Berlin appeared Fritz Nemitz's book, "Die Kunst Russlands," Berlin, Hans von Hugo Verlag. The introduction to this book, which spoke of the "great Russian literature of the nineteenth century," stated that "the great poets of Russia had a deep influence on European literature," and further made mention of "the epically gigantic works of Tolstoy." These acknowledgements, however, by no means hindered the hitlerites from running amok in the Tolstoy Museum, which they plundered and burned. What is more, retorting to the request of the Museum personnel, that the Germans refrain from heating the house with Tolstoy's furniture and books, but to use the firewood specially stacked outside for this purpose, Schwartz, a German officer, replied: "We don't need firewood, we'll burn up everything associated with the name of your Tolstoy."

The hitlerite disciples of black art keep a watchful eye that their holocaust does not leave intact a single monument of culture—be it even unique—which could stand witness of the centuries-old traditions and creative forces of the nations which hitlerism has marked down for enslavement.

We all know of Goebbels' boast that he contemplated bombing Great Britain "per Baedeker." Such is the singular use to which the arrangers of the "new order" in the countries of Europe seek to put guide-books, textbooks on the history of art, and special literature. The hitlerites are concerned over the possibilities that they may overlook the desecration and extermination namely of those particular national shrines of culture which meritedly constitute the pride of these countries, they are worried in that they may fail to wipe from the face of the earth namely the irreparable and original which various nations have contributed to the common treasure-house of world culture and civilization.

The Germans do not restrict themselves to merely laying waste to architectural monuments and to museums. They pervertedly seek ways and means to heap greater insult and injury upon the nation's soul, to befoul all that which is near and dear to the heart of every Russian. It

is for this reason that the hitlerites converted Tolstoy's study, where he wrote "War and Peace," into a smoking-room befouling it with spit and filth. They hacked down the trees planted by Tolstoy; they inscribed their spider-like swastika on the walls of the house and in the Tolstoy family albums.

The hitlerites made a fowl-pen in the little old room of Tsiolkovsky's, where the scientist had created the projects for his interplanetary ships. They chopped meat on his working table. They shot at the portraits hanging on the wall and shattered the busts of the great Russian inventor. It is for this reason that in Tchaikovsky's dwellinghouse in Klin, where the Russian composer wrote his immortal Sixth Symphony, the hitlerites heated the stoves with music scores, arranged a motor-bicycle garage in the lobby, and turned the composer's bed-room into a brothel.

The name of Pushkin, hallowed for the whole of mankind, did not halt the hitlerite marauders in their foul doings. For a short while the great Russian poet lived in the hamlet of Polotnyany Zavod — Linen Mill, where one of the oldest linen mills was situated, founded by the relatives of Pushkin's wife. Every avenue of the park here, every corner of the house preserved memories of the poet. A special Pushkin Room — in the nature of a Museum— was set up in the house. And the hitlerites ruthlessly turned all this into a pile of ruins.

The Russian people learned of this desecration with pain and wrath. It caused particular pain to the poet's great-grandson, Sergeant Grigory Pushkin, who wrote as follows in his frontline newspaper: "... They defiled the memory of the great Russian poet—of my great-grandfather, who so passionately loved his country and his people. The grove where the poet used to roam was deliberately cut down for firewood. Authentic Pushkin manuscripts and rare engravings disappeared from the rooms. The Museum exists no longer. I can just imagine the sort of hitlerite hoodlum who supervised the pillage and burning of this historical monument in Polotnyany Zavod. It was very likely an Ober-leutnant, a recent student of the Berlin University—a German 'intellectual' with the soul of a scoundrel and the hands of an executioner."

And the Nikolai Gogol Museum in Sorochintsy suffered the same desecration. The house where the writer was born and where he spent his childhood, has been turned into a museum with rich exhibits and attended by thousands of visitors. A few days ago a group of aged collective-farmers who had escaped from the districts of Poltava Region occupied by the Germans, succeeded in safely making their way across the front-lines. The peasants declared that about ten months ago, when the hitlerites burst into Sorochintsy, they first plundered the population of everything they had and then, having tortured to death over 120 women, children and aged people, they set about the destruction of the Gogol Dwelling-house-Museum. Headed by an officer, a detachment of hitlerites deliberately set to work. First they smashed all the window panes, tore the doors off their hinges, and then carried out all the rare editions of Gogol's works, piled them all in a heap and made a bonfire out of them. Various household utensils, furniture and other belongings of Gogol were also burned, as well as the writer's letters. Among the Museum exhibits were also busts of Gogol and his contemporaries—writers, critics and artists. The drink-sodden hitlerites practiced pistol and tommygun target-shooting at these sculptures.

The hitlerites turned the Iklin Cathedral, in the ancient town of Borovsk, into a cattle barn. Church-goers thereupon lodged a protest with the German command. In reply to this, the German Colonel ordered the cattle to be removed and had the church converted into . . . kennels. Beneath the dome of this ancient cathedral famished German wolfhounds whined day and night.

In the House of Culture in the same town the hitlerites arranged their stables, while the school building was made to serve as their privy, the hitlerites scribbling pornographic drawings and obscene inscriptions on the walls.

The hitlerite savages turned the House of Culture at Lozovaya into a slaughter-house, the German soldiery slaughtering stolen cattle— pigs, sheep and cows, in the splendid sculpture-

decorated halls of the building. All the property on the premises was piled into a heap and set alight. Ransacking the Lozovaya City Library, the hitlerites burned all the works of Russian, Ukrainian and European literary classics.

Through their ferocity and vandalism the hitlerites have covered themselves with everlasting infamy, and have shown the whole world that ". . . the German fascists are enemies of European culture, and the German army is an army of medieval obscurantism, whose function it is to destroy European culture for the sake of implanting the slaveholde s' 'Kultur' of the German bankers and barons" (J. Stalin).

And the third fundamental feature distinguishing hitlerite culture-hatred from all preceding forms of vandalism known to history is the widescale aspect of the monstrous and deliberate concepts of hitlerite falsification of history. In previous wars only individual monuments of one or another country or nation were subjected to destruction and extermination, whereas Hitler's plans provide for the utter annihilation of every vestige of spiritual creative activity of all countries and all nations, Germany excepted. Diabolical in its primitive outspokenness, the plan of this maniac is built up so that the second and third generations of those nations who have been turned into draught cattle by the "aryan race" are to grow up on desolated wastes, where all traces of erstwhile majesty,every vestige of civilization once inherent to these countries, has been finally and utterly wiped from the face of the earth, reduced to ashes and ruins.

That which the hitlerite soldiers are todays hastening to accomplish, blowing up cathedrals and palaces, burning museums and libraries, had already been prepared for before the war, prepared by "peaceful means." No sooner had Hitler usurped power, than the hitlerite cardsharpers of science set about exerting themselves in inventing forgeries, ascribing all scientific discoveries and all masterpieces of art as being the result of the creative activity of the "nordic race," i. e. the German. For these works of "research," they were generously awarded with the learned degree of "doctor." (It was with such an object in view that, for instance, throughout 1940 one of the employees of the German Embassy in Moscow was incessantly hunting up and down for "proof" that Chopin, the great Polish composer was, in essence, a German. The fact that a German military man by the name of Schopping happened to be travelling in Poland and Russia at about that time was made to serve as a decisive argument favouring this "theory"—and it was in search of material anent this Schopping that this "Doctor of Gestapo Sciences" was hunting high and low).

The devastation of priceless cultural monuments instigated by Hitler, the destruction of documents of science, the extermination of works of art was to have wiped out all that gigantic factual material constituting such formidable evidence against the forgeries and cardsharping of hitlerite pseudo-scientists.

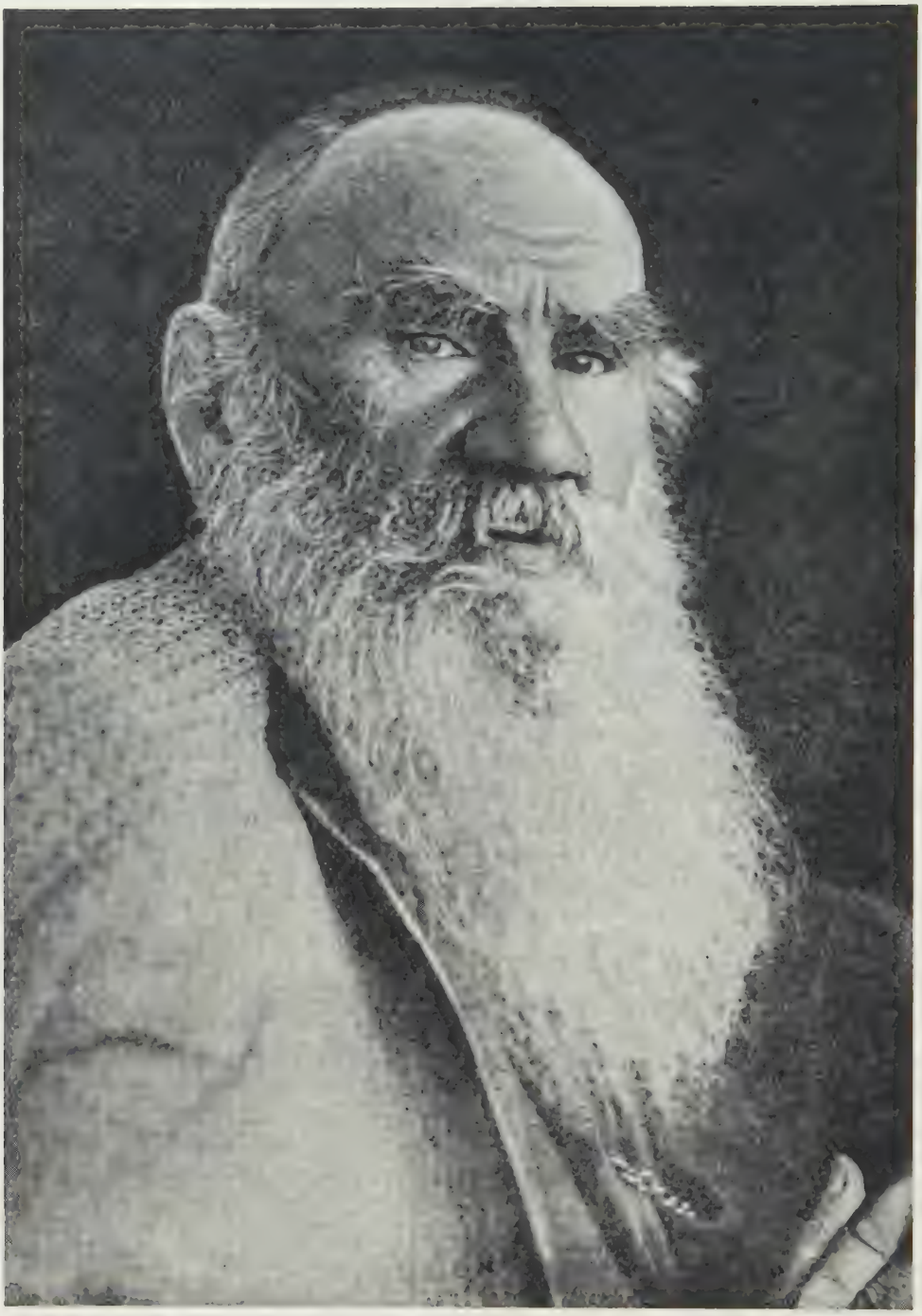
And it is of such cost that the hitlerites seek to prove the chosen mission of the "aryan race"—that of reviving the slaveholding system.

Hitlerism and culture are incompatible. Hitlerism started out with persecution and hounding of Germany's cultural forces, with the extirpation of everything great with which mankind benefited from the German democrats, from Winkelman and Lessing to Heine and Marx.

Hitlerism fears culture as a force, the very existence of which appeals to men to struggle against the benightedness and terror implanted by hitlerism.

Twelve months war of hitlerism against the USSR has shown up the hitlerite clique's particular and special hatred for the culture, science, art and literature of the Russian nation. By simultaneous reasoning and instinct this hatred is nourished by hitlerism's fear of Russian culture, a culture, the very foundations of which are wholly and absolutely the antithesis of all that hitlerism proclaims—man-hating, lauding of slavery, hatred of intellect and despisal of feelings of human dignity.

And it is namely because of this that never will the hitlerites destroy Russian culture, and never will they vanquish the Russian nation—a nation brought up on the noble and majestic examples of culture and civilization.



". . . . Tolstoy posed so many great problems and succeeded in rising to such heights of artistic power, that his works rank among the greatest in world literature."

V. Lenin

MAXIM GORKY ON TOLSTOY

Pushkin and he—there is none greater
and dearer to us . . .

M. Gorky.

Leo Tolstoy is dead.

The telegram came and told us in ordinary, bald words that he was dead.

It was a blow struck at the heart, I wept aloud in resentment and anguish, and now, half-frantic with grief, I call him to mind as I knew him, as I saw him, and am tormented with longing to speak of him again. I imagine him in the coffin, lying like a smooth stone on the bed of a stream, and, likely enough, his illusive smile,—alien to all—lingers hidden quietly in his grey beard. And his hands are folded in peace at last, their task of hard labour finished.

I remember his keen eyes—eyes that saw through everything, and the movement of the fingers that seemed ever to be modelling something out of the air, his conversation, his jokes, the rough peasant words he was fond of using, and his somehow indeterminate voice. And I see how much of life this man embraced, how uncannily clever and awesome he was.

I saw him once as perhaps no one else has ever seen him: it was when I was going to visit him at Gaspra; as I was walking along the seashore, I caught sight of the little angular figure in the crumpled grey clothes and battered hat, down on the strand close by the Yussupovs' palace. He was sitting with his cheeks propped on his hands— and silvery wisps of beard floated between the fingers—sitting gazing far out to sea, while to his feet the green waves came lapping submissively, caressingly, as though telling their own tale to the old wizard. The day was dappled with cloud-shadows slipping over the rocks, and the old man sitting among them brightened and darkened alternately. The rocks were huge, seamed with cracks and fissures and odorous with the seaweed cast up by the high tide the previous day.

And he, too, looked to me like some ancient, animate rock that knows all beginnings and ultimate purposes, thinks of when and what the end will be of the stones and grasses of the earth, of the waters of the sea, of man, and of the whole world from stone to sun. And the sea is a part of his own soul, everything around him is of him and out of him. In the pensive immobility of the old man I fancied something prophetic, something of the sorcerer, plunged in the darkness beneath him, exploring the blue emptiness over the earth, as though he, his concentrated will, bade the waves advance and then repulsed them, controlled the movement of cloud and shadow that seemed to stir the rocks and wake them to life. A strange madness came over me at that moment and I felt it possible that he would rise to his feet, wave his hand, and the sea would be still and glassy, the rocks move and cry out, and all around would start into instant animation, and sound and speak, each in its own voice, of themselves, of him and against him. There are no words to express what I felt at that moment, there was exaltation and dread in my soul, then all merged in the gladdening thought:

"I'm not an orphan, alone in the world, while this man is in it!"

Cautiously, so that the pebbles would not rattle under my tread, I turned and retraced my steps, not wishing to disturb his train of thought. And now I feel orphaned, I am weeping as I write,

never in all my life have I wept so inconsolably, despairingly, and bitterly as now . . . I do not know whether I loved him or not, but what does it matter—whether it was love or hatred I felt for him? He always called out sensations and emotions that were tremendous, fantastic, and even the unpleasant and hostile feelings he evoked assumed forms that did not oppress, but blew up, as it were, the soul, enlarging it, rendering it more sensitive and spacious. He was nice when, scraping the soles of his boots as though smoothing down masterfully the unevenness of the way, he would suddenly appear from somewhere behind the door, or out of a corner, then come straight towards you with the light, brisk step of one who was accustomed to walking a great deal about the earth. Thrusting his thumbs through his belt, he would pause, taking in everything new with one quick glance and assimilating the meaning of it all.

"Good morning."

I always interpreted his greeting. "Good morning, it may mean little pleasure to me, and little sense to you—at all events, good morning."

He would come in—the small figure. And all at once everything around him would shrink in comparison. The peasant's beard, the rough though unusual hands, the common clothes, and the whole of that external easy-going democratism that deluded so many; and one often noticed how some Russians who are accustomed to judge people by their dress—an ancient and servile habit—slipped into a stinking bluntness, more aptly termed familiarity.

"Ah, you're one of ourselves! So here you are! At last I've been found deserving of looking upon the face of the greatest of my country's sons. Greetings to you now and for ever and accept my humble respects."

This is the Moscow Russian style, simple, sincere; but there is another Russian style—the "free-thinking."

"Leo Nikolaevich! Unable though I am to agree with your views on religion and philosophy, but respecting you as a great artist . . ."

And suddenly from beneath the peasant's beard, the democratic, crumpled blouse, emerges the old Russian gentleman, the splendid aristocrat, and then the "blunt, straightforward" people—be they educated or not—turn blue in the nose from an icy cold. It was pleasant to watch this thoroughbred, to observe the grace and nobility of gesture, the haughty reserve in his speech, and to note the elegant turn of speech and the pointedness of the killing phrase. There was enough of the landlord in him to quell the slave, the obsequious. And when they roused the landlord in Tolstoy, he appeared easily, freely, and put them down so that they only shrank and squealed.

If Leo Nikolaevich wanted to attract someone, he achieved his aim more easily than a beautiful and gifted woman. There would be all manner and conditions of men in his room—the Grand Duke Nikolai Mikhailovich, Ilya the house-painter, the social-democrat from Yalta, the Stundist Patsuk, some musician, the German manager of Countess Kleinmikhel's estates, the poet Bulgakov; and all of them would sit looking at him, in love with him. He was expounding the teachings of Lao-Tse to them and he appeared to me then as a wonderful one-man orchestra possessing the power to play upon many instruments simultaneously—on the brass trumpet, the big drum, the harmonium and the flute. I looked at him as they all did. Now I would like to look at him once again, and I shall see him no more.

To lie to him was unthinkable, even out of compassion—even dangerously ill he must not be pittied. It is maudlin and cheap to pity such as he. They should be cared for, cherished, but never loaded down with the verbal dust of trite, soulless phrases.

"Don't you like me?" he would ask,

One had to say: "No, I don't."

"You don't love me?"

"No, I don't love you today."

Relentless in his questioning, he was reserved in answering, as a wise man should be.

He was fond of asking difficult and tricky questions.

"What do you think of yourself?"

"Are you fond of your wife?"

"What's your opinion?—is my son Leo talented or not?"

"Do you like Sophia Andreievna?"

Once he even asked me: "Do you love me, Alexei Maximovich?" It was the mischievous playfulness of the great russian popular heroes of olden times; thus might Vaska Buslayev, the Novgorod playboy, have played in his youth; he would have a try at something, as though he were just going to fight. It was interesting but somehow it did not appeal to me. He was a devil and I was but an infant, he should not have touched me.

Often and for long spells at a time did he talk to me; when he was living at Gaspra in the Crimea I used to go and see him and he came readily enough to see me, too; I have read his books attentively, lovingly; I think that I have the right to say what I think of him, overbold though it may seem, widely though it may differ from the generally accepted attitude to him. I am no less aware than others that there is none more deserving of the name of genius, none more subtle, more contradictory, and more beautiful, in everything; yes, in everything. Beautiful in a particular sense, too broad, too elusive for words; there was something about him that aroused in me the desire to proclaim to each and all: Behold! what an astonishing man is living among you on earth! For he is as it were omniscient and above all a man,—a man of an entire world.

YASNAYA POLYANA

By **Johannes R. Becher**

THE PLACES where the few really-great men lived, worked and died, these genuine and rare sanctums of nations, are scattered all over the wide world. No matter how much their appearance may differ from each other, the lofty spirit which serves all peoples seems to continue to exercise its influence from these places as genius loci (local spirit). It is this spirit which links all these places invisibly across frontiers and countries, rendering them equally precious to men of good will, whether their appearance be modest or brilliant. "Wayfarer, remove your shoes, for the ground which you tread upon is sacred." This sentence is engraved in invisible fiery letters in the conscience of man, whether the respectful visitor is meditating over the crisp lines of Goethe's house in Weimar, or whether he is contemplating the graves of the great British in the London Westminster Abbey, or, whether he deposits tender violets on the Montmartre grave which holds the earthly remains of Heinrich Heine. The deeper a nation is moved by the genius of its best sons, the stronger the passions aroused by their work, the deeper the respect and affection for whatever remains of them. And the people return time and again to the place where they lived and died, as if wanting to drink from an inexhaustible clear source . . .

Few are the persons which last beyond their time and life. Genius is a precious rarity, and very rarely do we find a great writer who influences the whole world with his works, way beyond his own people. The Russian writer Leo Tolstoi was such a phenomenon. The artistic force which he emanated was so extraordinary and the power of his personality so unusual, that even while he was alive, the place where he lived and worked became a sort of Mecca not only for his countrymen, but for admirers of genius all over the world. People who admired Tolstoi's writings and personality, made the pilgrimage to the small village called Yasnaya Polyana, coming from distant lands. At the end of last century, people—both important and modest ones—sent letters to Tolstoi, Yasnaya Polyana, across oceans and continents; to the white-haired old man who wrote "War and Peace," that unique epic work; to that count in peasant garb, who ploughed his native soil as if raising to the surface all the hidden treasures of the broad Russian earth, collect and preserve them forever in the shape of his "Resurrection," "Anna Karenina" and "Polikushka."

Yasnaya Polyana! A tiny spot in the endless Russian map and yet a ray of light which shot up from the darkness of tsarist Russia. Among the travellers from distant lands, who made their way to Yasnaya Polyana, there was an outstanding German poet, Rainer Maria Rilke. Rilke, an accomplished connoisseur and master of the German language, a poet whose splendid rhymes have enriched German poetry, bowed his head before the genius from Yasnaya Polyana. He came as an emissary sent by the best part of his people, to express and announce the admiration which Tolstoi's work had called forth among the Germans. Tolstoi's art aroused and influenced the creative activity of the most important German writers of our days. Writers of such magnitude as Thomas Mann and Stefan Zweig, have been directly influenced by Tolstoi. The response which Tolstoi's writings found in the German people may be judged from the fact that his novels and stories appeared in new editions, issued by the leading publishing houses. The German

theaters staged Tolstoi's dramas, and plays like the "Living Corpse" never left the German stage, until the coming of Hitler to power; the German editions of Tolstoi's works and of books written about him, reached record figures.

But in that bonfire which had been fired on the squares of German cities in 1933, to announce to the world, that Germany had fallen into the hands of barbarians, Tolstoi's books were burned next to the writings of the other great humanists. That auto-da-fe of books signified more than a symbolic action of barbarity: from that minute on German honour and German culture, German spirit and German art were set afire, mocked, tortured and raped, according to plan. Many had not yet grasped the monstrosity the start of which had been manifested hereby. And yet this was the introduction to the hellish road of vulgarization and violence which were about to begin. After the fascist barbarians had trampled upon German culture, choked the best qualities of the German people and had either murdered or driven into exile its best men, they spread their campaign against European culture and customs into other countries. For fascism is such a thorough system of organized barbarity that it is unable to stop before a small or large monument of true human culture without defiling it.

When tsarism was swept away by the revolution of 1917, when the storms of civil war and of intervention swept over the land, when hunger, cold and epidemics of all kinds were the order of the day, the Russian people surrounded Yasnaya Polyana, Tolstoi's home and place of work with every conceivable care. Every MS in Tolstoi's house, every tree in Tolstoi's garden and each of the thousand trifles that had played some part in the life and work of this classic of Russian and world literature, were preserved and kept with great care. Yasnaya Polyana became a national museum for the Russian people. Owing to the tireless work done there, it was possible to

Entrance Hall of Yasnaya Polyana School as it appeared after the Hitlerites retreated.

save valuable MSS, important letters and writings which remained unknown during Tolstoi's life.

During their invasion of the Soviet Union, in their attempt to seize Moscow, the Hitler troops occupied Yasnaya Polyana. They did not stay there long, but long enough to execute their sinister designs. The sight which greeted the Red Army, which drove out the German invaders from Yasnaya Polyana, is unforgettable. It would be wrong to speak of Hun-like destructions. The Huns were a barbarian people, and they never claimed to be a people of thinkers and poets . . . The things that happened in the Russian village of Yasnaya Polyana, is something of which no Hun would have been capable, and which only Nazis, brought up in Hitler's own image, were able to commit.

In Tolstoi's house and garden, in the museum dedicated to his memory, these bonfire heroes once more found the proper place and occasion to drag Germany's name in the mud. They worked systematically. They difiled the rooms with their excrements and the walls of the Tolstoi museum with pornographic drawings; they poisoned Tolstoi's home with the reek of blood from the torture chambers of the SA and the dungeons of the SS. They turned into a dirty barn the famous room with its alcoves, in which Tolstoi had written his "War and Peace." They destroyed the museum exhibits, they trampled them in the mud, tore and used them for fuel. A part of the house they turned into a barrack for their officers, and Tolstoi's study into a shoe-repairing shop. Like experienced burglars they pried open the closets which held the Tolstoi archives, and pursued by the Red Army, they set the house afire and fled like thieves caught red-handed, to obliterate every trace of their foul deeds. The peasants and the museum personnel were able to save a part of the house from the flames, and it is they who told the world what happened.

It must be emphasized that nothing that happened here was dictated by any military consideration. Nothing but fiendish desire for destruction, nothing but hate on the part of deeply inferior people for their superiors, for a dead man whose work belongs not only to the Russian people but to all of mankind as well; it is hate and desire for destruction directed against the eternal superiority of genius which unloosened such vandalism. To the despoilers of Yasnaya Polyana Tolstoi is a mere "racially-inferior Slav," but they are destined to rule the world, the people chosen by Hitler! If one of their famous race explorers would conceive the idea that there are a few drops of non-arian blood in one of Goethe's ancestors and that there were nationally-unreliable sounds in some of Beethoven's music, then, after what has happened at Yasnaya Polyana, would they hesitate to turn Goethe's house into a brothel and Beethoven's grave into a soldiers' latrine?!

Yasnaya Polyana! Star, shining in the darkness—no Nazi boot is able to dim your brilliance. The clouds of smoke which still rise over the ruins of Tolstoi's home, follow the fleeing Hitler soldiers like a dark menace.

There is a legend to the effect that the ashes of the despoiled burn in the heart of those who have to avenge them. The ashes of the despoiled Tolstoi home burn in the heart of millions of Soviet people. A new invisibly-visible inscription has appeared on the banner of the people's army, which is cleansing the world of the fascist shame, glowing indelibly and fierily: YASNAYA POLYANA!

LEO TOLSTOY AND ENGLAND

By **M. Chistyakova**

THROUGHOUT the course of his literary life Tolstoy took the keenest interest in English social and economic affairs, international and political relations, art and literature. His sojourn in England in 1861, when he came into personal contact with the English people and their country, left a most favourable impression, and he used to say afterwards that, should the persecution of the tzarist government oblige him to leave Russia, he would go and live near London and then choose "some beautiful healthy spot at seaside" and settle down. We find the same intention expressed in a letter written the 18th of September, 1872.

He formed then a very high opinion of the English people, who, as he remarked in a letter to his son in 1901, were "unusually gifted and refined." His fondness for and attention to English literature increased. Thackeray he valued very highly, admired Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" and regarded Dickens as the greatest of the nineeteth century novelists. Though in his youth he exhibited little enthusiasm for George Eliot's works, he came to value the high moral worth of her writings later, while Anthony Trollope never failed to evoke his unqualified praise. The novels of Miss Braddon, Mrs. Henry Wood and Mrs. Humphrey Ward he read and re-read with pleasure, as the flattering comments expressed in his diary testify. Bernard Shaw he found "brilliant and witty", H. G. Wells—"refined to the highest degree."

The appearance of "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina," and their first translations into English, which evoked a great deal of comment in the press, brought him renown in England and attracted wide sympathy for the Russian writer. Every new book of his was welcomed as the voice of a well-loved author and immediately translated. The number of editions of his works increased year by year, yet were far from satisfying the demand. The most highly-qualified translators—Rolleston, Maude, Crosbie and others—worked on his books.

Tolstoy was frequently invited to work for the English press, to join various social organizations, to give his opinion on the most widely-differing problems of political and social life. With the close of the year 1870 began those personal contacts with English writers that strengthened as the years went by, and with his correspondents in that country. The visitors who came to Yasnaya Polyana to see the great Russian in 1888 included the translator Schyler whose reminiscences of Tolstoy, published in Scribners' Magazine, aroused much interest in literary circles. William Stead, the newspaper editor and journalist, known for his social work, stayed a week at Yasnaya Polyana in 1888 and afterwards described his visit in "The Truth about Russia." He had the friendly relations with Tolstoy for years and devoted much space to his works in the reviews and papers of which he was the editor. Prominent among the English publicists, translators and publishers, who visited Yasnaya Polyana were A. Dillon, Aylmer Maude, S. Daniel, W. Stevens, D. Kenworthy, and S. Cockerel.

The majority of these visitors published their impressions and reminiscences of the writer and kept up a correspondence with him. In his letters to his correspondents, who belonged to many circles of society, he discussed social, political, and literary problems.

The letters from the English writers expressing opinions on Tolstoy's works, acknowledgements of his influence on their own writings, and requests for his opinion on the latter, include some from Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Edward Carpenter, D. Sinclair, Allen Clark and Kenworthy.

In the letter which accompanied "The Showing up of Blanco Posnet" on February 17th, 1910, Shaw wrote that this was the kind of play at which Tolstoy was remarkably successful, that the scene he admired most of all in the plays he knew was that with the old soldier in "The Power of Darkness." Tolstoy replied on the 15th of April: "I have received your play and the witty letter accompanying it. I read the play with great pleasure, the subject is one which appeals to me."

Wells writes to Tolstoy on January 21st, 1906,— that his friend Aylmer Maude has told him it would be of interest to Tolstoy to glance over two or three books of his, that he had not sent any up to them because he was afraid Tolstoy must be inundated with books from every budding writer in England and America. He sent "Love and Mr. Lewisham," the volume of short stories called "The Plattner Story," "The War of the Worlds" and "A Modern Utopia." The latter, he explains, Mr. Maude particularly warned him not to send, knowing that Tolstoy did not care for Utopias. However, since this Utopia did not resemble others of its kind and since after all, it was better that Tolstoy should know the worst of him at the start, he was sending it. He hoped that this avalanche of books would not bore him. Wells himself had read about eighty of the Russian's works, all, in fact that he could obtain in English; of these, "War and Peace," and "Anna Karenina" were, in his opinion, the most magnificent and all-embracing of those he had been fortunate enough to read.

Tolstoy wrote to Wells on December 2nd: "I have received your letter and the books and thank you for both. I am looking forward with great pleasure to reading them."

So impressed was Tolstoy by some of the books sent him that both on his own initiative and at the request of the writers, he wrote prefaces to them, as in the case of Kenworthy's "Anatomy of Misery," and Carpenter's "Civilization," and the Russian translations of selected works of John Ruskin.

Some English writers and translators asked Tolstoy for permission to translate and stage certain works of his. Maurice Meredith wanted to translate into the Erse the article "Wherein Lies My Faith." Walter Stevenson asked for leave to stage the novella "Walk in Light While There is Light." The students of the Birmingham University wished to stage the comedy "The Fruits of Enlightenment" (for the first time in England) under the direction of Granville Barker.

The range of Tolstoy's influence in England was not limited to problems of literature and art. By degrees the great Russian became the arbiter in questions of social and political life, international relations and current politics, and headed the pacifist movement that arose in England about that time. Innumerable were the appeals, inquiries and questionnaires that reached Yasnaya Polyana from all parts of Europe. In 1894, Fletcher, the editor of the London "Daily Chronicle," asked Tolstoy to reply to a number of his readers' questions regarding the articles "The Kingdom of God is Within Us" and "Christianity and Patriotism." Fletcher's question aroused Tolstoy's interest and the detailed answer he prepared lengthened into the article entitled "Concerning the Attitude to the State." In 1895 John Manson requested him to explain his attitude to patriotism to his English readers. Tolstoy complied with his request in an open letter, or rather article, "Patriotism or Peace."

John Eastham, secretary of the organizational committee of the "General Congress of Races" which was to open on May 18th, 1910, invited Tolstoy to attend or at least to send a message expressing his sympathy. The followers of Henry George's agrarian system in England had organized the "Single-tax League" and insisted upon Tolstoy's taking part in their activities. James Leigh, the founder of the Dickens Society at Bristol and Clifton wrote on the 8th of January, 1901, informing Tolstoy that he had been elected an honorary member of the society and asking him to send them his views on the Dickens. Allen Clark, the author of "The Effects of the Factory System," a book that created a sensation in its

day, sent him his works in the hope of interesting him and inducing him to take part in the organization of an agricultural workers' colony near London..

The numerous Tolstoy societies that arose in London and the provinces for the study of his works and ideas turned to him for advice and assistance. The Anglo-Russian Literary Society, founded by Edward Casalet in 1893, elected him an honorary member and the Tolstoy Society founded in Manchester by Percy Redfern corresponded with him constantly in the person of the founder.

The tzarist censorship becoming more and more severe, Tolstoy made London the center for publication at the end of the nineties. All his writings—fiction or publicist—went straight from his pen to England, where they were immediately taken in hand by the best translators, and, through the English press, reached the world exactly as the author had written them, whereas in Russia the text would have been mutilated by the Tzarist censorship. Thus the English press became the principal medium through which Tolstoy spoke to his readers. In 1900, three publishing houses specializing in the issue and circulation of Tolstoy's works were founded; these were "The Free Age," Kenworthy's "Brotherhood Publishing House," and Daniel's "Crank."

It was due to the efforts of these and of the London press in general that Tolstoy's works became widely known in England and found their way to readers in all ranks of life. He was a writer greatly loved; his name was associated with the finest achievements of European civilization.

His death in 1910 was deeply mourned in the English press and by all his readers. Growing interest in Tolstoy's biography called for the translation of Russian memoirs and the republication of the English biographies that had appeared by that time,—Aylmer Maude's "Life of Tolstoy," D. Kenworthy's "Tolstoy: his Life and Works" and, somewhat later, Constance Garnett's "Tolstoy: his Life and Writings."

The centenary of his birth, in 1928, was marked by a deepening of the interest in his personality and work, and was publicly celebrated by the Soviet Government in 1928 in Moscow. A special English delegation headed by the publicists Wright and Daniel, participated in the Moscow celebrations. The Oxford University Press began the publication of the collected works, edited by Tolstoy's translator and biographer, Aylmer Maude, reprinting the texts from the Academy edition inaugurated by the Soviet government. The countless jubilee publications, newspaper and magazine articles, increased the already enormous quantity of material on Tolstoy. Among the works issued that year most comment was aroused by Aylmer Maude's "Tolstoy's Place in Literature," and "Tolstoy and Peace;" Jones "Tolstoy and the Social Problems of Today," O. L. Meader's "Leo Tolstoy" and Robert's "Leo Tolstoy".

In the years that followed, interest in the works of the great Russian writer never flagged in England, where they have continued to be studied with the closest and most loving care.

As may be supposed the outrages perpetrated by the Hitlerites in Yasnaya Polyana have aroused sincere indignation in England.

TOLSTOY AND THOMAS EDISON

By **N. Ashukin**

THE revolting news of the sacrilege committed by the fascist vandals in the estate of Leo Tolstoy, when they occupied the Tula district for a short while, has caused an outburst of indignation in the whole world.

This sublime memorial of the Russian and of the world culture has been in the devote custody of the Soviet Government for many years. No changes have been allowed in the estate. The old-fashioned house had been kept exactly as it was in the days of Leo Tolstoy. Not a single thing has been displaced and among the numerous relics of the great writer, there is the phonograph sent him by Thomas Edison.

Tolstoy was disgusted with the false tendencies characterizing modern civilization, and he openly disapproved of Edison. In a letter dated 1906, addressed to the American Manson, Tolstoy wrote the following:

"A conflict has ensued between the United States and England on account of the venezuelan frontier. Salisbury has flatly refused to consent to anything. Cleveland has sent a message to the Senate; militant patriotic slogans are being proclaimed; at the stockhouse there is a panic, people have lost millions of pounds and dollars; Edison has announced his invention of such tools which will annihilate in one hour more people than Attila did during all his wars . . ."

But in the last three years of Tolstoy's life his attitude towards Edison changed. In the month of May 1907, Tolstoy had an interview with Stephen Bonsal, editor of "New York Times." Stephen Bonsal came to Yasnaya Polyana specially with the purpose of elucidating Tolstoy's standing toward the Duma. They conversed for about an hour in Tolstoy's study. The conversation had been fixed at an hour usually devoted by the great writer to literary work. Tolstoy made Bonsal a present of his paper "On the significance of the Russian Revolution." Taking leave of Tolstoy, Bonsal offered to send him a phonograph for dictations. Tolstoy was no lover of technical improvements, but of course he consented, being touched by Bonsal's attention. Bonsal immediately wrote to his friend Arthur Brisbane in America (the editor of several New York newspapers) and very soon Tolstoy received a letter from Brisbane informing him that the phonograph was forwarded and that Edison, on learning that it was meant for Tolstoy, had refused to take any payment.

Tolstoy was very impatient to see the phonograph. At last, on January 17, 1908, the "American machine" arrived. Tolstoy was very much amused with the instrument, especially at the beginning, and often used it for dictating his letters, his book entitled "Circle of reading" and the beginning of his famous paper "I cannot remain silent." Upon receiving the phonograph, Tolstoy immediately wanted to thank Brisbane and Edison, and asked Chertkov to write the text of the letters. But Chertkov misunderstood him and signed the letters himself. In a letter to Chertkov, dated February 24 1908, Tolstoy mentions this incident in the following way: "I am worried now, as Edison may resent the fact of my not having signed the letter. Please send me the text of an amiably written letter and I shall sign it myself." However, before receiving the text from Chertkov, Tolstoy on February 27 1908, personally wrote the following letter to Brisbane:

Dear Sir,

My friend Mr. Chertkov has, at my request, written to you and Mr. Edison, but I feel obliged to write to you personally asking you to accept

my best thanks for your kindness and to transmit the same to Mr. Edison for his present. I have received the phonograph and will always use it, remembering you and Mr. Edison.

Yours truly Leo Tolstoy [1]

This letter evidently went astray because on April 29, Tolstoy received a letter from Edison's office with the request to acknowledge the arrival of the phonograph. Tolstoy immediately charged his daughter with the answer and signed it himself. Three months later Tolstoy held the following epistle from Edison:

From the laboratory of Thomas A. Edison
Cable address "Edison New York"
Count Leo Tolstoy
Yasnaya Polyana, Russia.

Orange, N.Y. July 22, 1908

My dear Sir,

Can I prevail upon you to make for me one or two phonograph records in English or French, preferably both, of short messages not longer than four minutes in duration, conveying to the people of the world some thought that would tend to their moral and social advancement? My phonographs have now been distributed throughout all of the civilized countries, and in the United States alone upwards of one million are in use. Your fame is world-wide, and I am sure that a message from you would be eagerly received by millions of people who could not help from being impressed with the intimate personality of your own words, which through this medium would be preserved for all time.

Of course the making of these records would so arranged as to inconvenience you as little as possible, and I doubt if the whole operation would take more than an hour. If you can oblige me in this matter, I will have one or two of my assistants go to your home with the necessary apparatus at any time that you may indicate.

Please accept the assurances of my high personal regard for you and your work, and believe me

Very truly yours

Thomas A. Edison.

Tolstoy entrusted Chertkov with the answer and the latter wrote that Tolstoy was invariably at the disposal of Edison and would dictate anything he desired.

Dr. Makovitzky assures that Tolstoy awaited the arrival of Edison's assistants with apparent emotion.

"I wish to prepare something absolutely real for the phonograph, something rising from the very depths of the heart," he wrote in his diary on December 19, 1908.

The assistants of Edison arrived at Yasnaya Polyana on December 24. Before starting the phonograph records for Edison, Tolstoy practised in Russian, French and English, and dictated passages from the "Kingdom of God."

Tolstoy was deeply interested in any details connected with Edison's life. Dr. Makovitzky writes in his diary that when the subject of vegetarianism was broached, Tolstoy remarked: "Edison has been a vegetarian for thirty years."

The phonograph was not the only link between Tolstoy and Edison. In December 1908 Tolstoy received a letter from New York. This letter was sent by a certain Peter Okhremenko, a handicraftsman, who in 1905 took part in a railroad strike at Ekaterinoslav, was sentenced to death, and finally fled to America. He was in great want and wrote to Tolstoy, requesting this great man to recommend him to Edison. "Edison, the renowned scientist and electrotechnical engineer, lives here. He has a great number of workshops. I have read that you are acquainted with each other. Kindly write and recommend me to his favour, he may give me work as he is very fond of Russians."

Tolstoy's health was not good at the time, so he charged Chertkov with writing to Edison. And besides, Tolstoy could not write fluently in English. On March 9, 1905, Chertkov wrote to Edison about the young man's request. "Tolstoy

[1] The correspondence between Tolstoy and Edison has been published in "Literature Inheritance," Nos. 37-38, 1939.

hopes you will not mind his fulfilling the request of this unknown youth and having done this feels he has done what he could and leaves the rest to your discretion." In conclusion Chertkov added that Tolstoy was most glad to hear that the records he had dictated, were a success. Chertkov transmitted to Edison Tolstoy's kindest regards and his excuse for not writing personally in view of his bad health.

V. Chertkov had an answer from Frank L. Dyer. The letter dated April 24 held the fact that they had already temporarily employed Okhremenko. "I am sure that Mr. Edison will be glad to do all that he can to oblige Leo Tolstoy, for whom he has a very high admiration."

P. Okhremenko relates that after his letter to Tolstoy, he very soon obtained a job in West Orange New Jersey, at the Gramophone Factory of Edison, where he worked and lived happily for two years.

TOLSTOY AND THE AMERICAN THINKERS OF THE XIX CENTURY

Tolstoy manifested the keenest interest in everything concerning America and her culture. This was due to the difference in the social development of the United States and Europe. The crisis that at one time held Russia in its grip (a natural result of the downfall of serfdom) coincided with the one in America where life was strained by civil wars and the abolition of slavery; this identical state of affairs in the two countries situated in different parts of the globe, also arrested Tolstoy's attention.

The influence of American sociologists and moral lists of the forties and fifties was in some degree felt by Tolstoy, while his own works influenced American writers of the eighties and nineties.

In 1900 Edward Garnet, an English man of letters, begged Tolstoy to address a few words to the American readers. This is what Tolstoy wrote in answer: "Were I to do so, it would be to express the deepest gratitude for the aid rendered to me by their brilliant writers of the fifties. Garrisson, Parker, Emerson, Ballou and Thoreau are those whose influence I felt the most although I do consider them greater than others. The others such as Chapping, Whitter, Lowell, Walt Whitman are a brilliant circlet not easily matched in world literature."

The first five mentioned by Tolstoy became known to him during his period of social and religious seekings. Adin Ballou, veteran of American Christian Socialism in the fifties, was his correspondent. Emerson, Parker, Garrisson and Thoreau were personally known and highly thought of by Tolstoy, who did much towards the publishing of their works in the Russian language. Many were the extracts of these authors included by him in his collected volume "Circle of reading" along with the thoughts and ideas of other writers. Thoughts and ideas that seemed to him, who put them together, of a vital importance. To F. Nola's English biography of Garrisson he contributed a special preface in which he dwells upon the merits and characteristics of the latter's works.

Tolstoy seeks to draw a parallel between the social and moral pathos of the aforesaid writers and the social protest that dominated the Russian literature in the years preceding reform. This is what Tolstoy writes to his English translator Modou: "It is only when society regenerates does literature climb her mightiest heights. Shall we take the period of the liberation of the serfs in Russia when a grand struggle for the dethronement of serfdom surged throughout the country, and abolitionism was fast growing in the United States! And what of the writers these times have given us: Harriet Beecher Stowe, Thoreau, Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, William Lloyd Garrisson, Theodor Parker and others in America. Dostoevsky, Turgeniev, Herzen and others in Russia."

Among the American writers already mentioned, was one who likewise stood high in Tolstoy's opinion. We mean Henry George with his theory on economics and in particular on agricultural problems. In his correspondence and in a number of articles and official addresses Tolstoy not only propagated Henry George's ideas of a "single tax" on land property, but likewise strove for their realization.

Toward the end of the year 1880 Tolstoy, for the first time, read Whitman. In the years that followed he often perused his pages and in particular those of "Leaves of Grass," a great favourite of his. Tolstoy thought much of Whitman. Indeed he considered him to be the best of contemporary poets: he spoke of him as of a poet-philosopher and greatly lamented his being so little known in Russia. Mood's book "Tolstoy and his problems" contains a more detailed testemonial of the great author upon Whitman.

In the second half of the eighties and nineties, when Tolstoy's fame spread throughout the world, literary men of all countries who looked up to him as to the leader of world literature, were drawn towards his shrine. The leading spirits of American intelligentzia and among others Howells, Hale and young Harland, were ardent admirers of the great Russian writer.

In describing the growing influence of Tolstoy in the United States Harland remarks: "Later (I mean the period of 1888—1900) we began regularly receiving papers and addresses of a more and more stirring quality. Messages too, that rang with such passionate fervour as to seem to come from a leader of a great church, the church of humanity. His grandly simple and noble call: 'Let us be just' set our hearts throbbing."

In the library at Yasnaya Polyana there are a great number of books, sent to Tolstoy by American writers and public men, with inscriptions of gratitude and warmest dedication.

DARK DAYS IN YASNAYA POLYANA

(Pages from the Diary of M. Shchegoleva, one of the staff of the Tolstoy Museum)

THE GERMANS ON FIRST ACQUAINTANCE

OCTOBER 27th. The front is drawing nearer and nearer to Yasnaya Polyana. The collective-farmers are digging bomb-shelters not far from their houses. The museum-staff is doing the same in the garden. Mothers of small children naturally feel the most alarm. We are fitting up the cellar under the dwelling-house part of the museum as a shelter. In the evening we get word that German tanks have broken through at Solova (12 kilometers from Shchekino) . . . So the Germans are only 20 kilometers away from Yasnaya Polyana now. Alarm is increasing. It's ghastly.

October 28th. It's quiet here in the museum today. The sky is quiet, too; there are no aeroplanes out. Peaceful and calm . . . Probably the calm before the storm.

October 29th. A fine bright morning, the weather is fit for flying. The air has been unquiet from early morning with machine-gunning and the distant explosions of bombs. People are bustling around in the museum, women and children are moving down into the cellar with their valises and sacks. From the German planes over the village and over the museum comes the tap and rattle of machine-guns. Bombs are crashing somewhere near at hand. Two burst in the neighbouring village. P. D. Orekhov, the chairman of our collective farm, has been killed outside his house. At 12. 20 the air raid began in good earnest; machine-gun fire was directed on the centre of the Volkonsky house. Glass and plaster shower down. Planes are almost skimming the roofs in the village. Somewhere a battle is going on, the Red Army units are retiring skirting Yasnaya Polyana.. In the basement of the museum children are whimpering, women groaning, as they listen to the attack. There is a loud crack as the glass in the upstairs windows on the south side shivers and falls.

It all passes and is over like whirlwind, and at two o'clock in the afternoon little Sonya Tolstoy runs down to the cellar to tell us that German tanks are coming down the highroad.

It's quiet in the museum this evening. There is a red glow where haystacks are burning on the far side of the village.

About ten dead Red Army men have been picked up by the collective-farmers far from the village. They have hidden two wounded in the houses.

October 30th. The first German car—an ordinary car—drove in through the gate of the museum this morning. Three officers got out. It appeared that they were physicians. One of them, Dr. Schwartz, who spoke very good Russian without any accent, explained to us that they were looking for premises suitable for a dressing-station. They looked over the museum. In the visitors' book they wrote a curious remark: "The first three Germans in the campaign against Russia."

We attempted to stand out to preserve the museum. With exquisite politeness and graciousness the Germans promised to support us. They scribbled with red pencil on a sheet of paper a "protective charter" for the museum: "Betreten verboten—Wohnhaus des Tolstoi (groesster russischer Dichter)" signed—"Major Somebody," the writing was illegible. That meant: "Entrance

forbidden—this is the home of Tolstoi, the greatest Russia writer." It gave us a hope that we might, after all, be enabled to preserve the house even under war conditions.

* * *

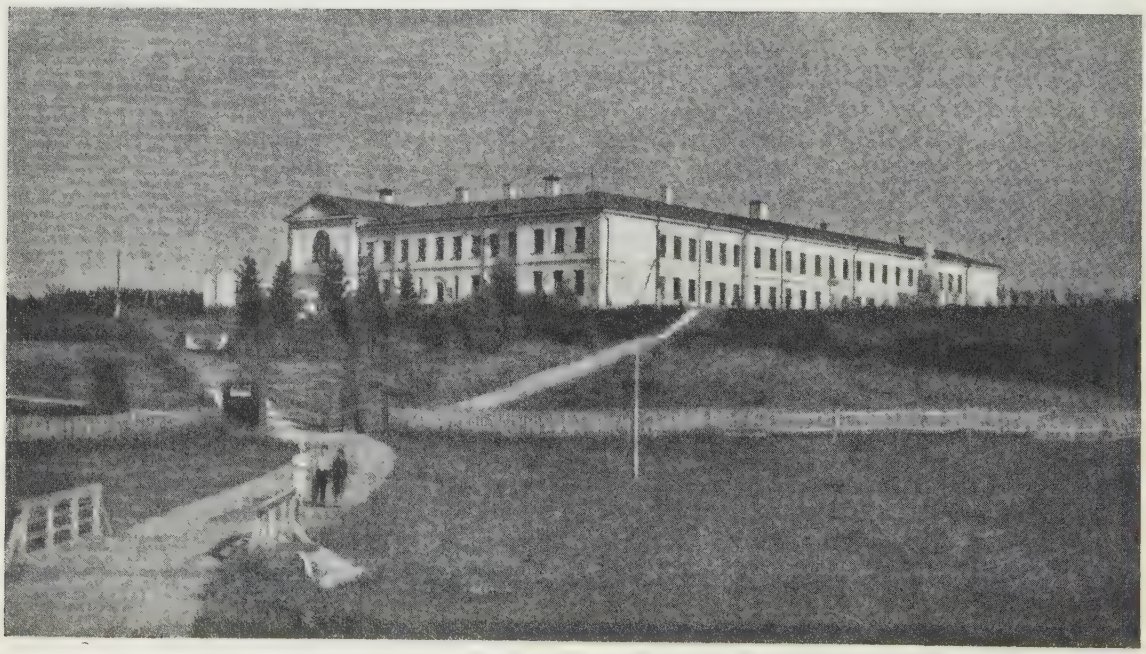
As evening drew on a party of about twenty Germans appeared, and took up their quarters in the museum office, the dining-room, and kitchen in the center of the Volkonsky house. An officer demanded something. None of us knew German well. I tried to speak to him in French. The officer, it seemed, insisted on being given hens and on my leaving my rooms. He spoke in an imperious, unpleasant tone. I hastened to leave my room. One of the officers seized an old number of "Izvestia" in my room, and, pointing to a picture of some members of the government, repeated maliciously: "Jude, Jude." Then, pointing to the door of my room, he said something that I took to mean "Clear out." So I had to go.

* * *

An interesting picture was to be seen outside the Volkonsky house: the subject was German soldiers catching our hens for their officers. Wild clucking, feathers are flying, while the owner of the fowls stands on the steps of the house, saying softly to herself: "And those are cultured Europeans."

October 31st. Only yeasterday we pasted up the "Protective charter" in the museum, and today it is clear that unlikely it will have any force. As I knew French I was summoned this morning to the staff physician. He told me to take all the things out of the literary museum into the living-rooms, as the former was urgently needed for a dressing station. In a hasty and disorderly way the German soldiers moved all the things. The glass cases, sculptures, chairs and Leo Nikolaevich's couch were piled up in the vestibule; we hoped to bring some order into them by the evening. But at midday came an order to clear out the science room and that of Tolstoy's son, Sergei. The confusion and disturbance increased.

A detail that struck me as very curious was that when we opened Sergei Tolstoy's room, one of the officers took the linen belonging to the Tolstoys out of the chest of drawers. All the demands



Yasnaya Polyana School, founded by Tolstoy.

of the Germans were presented in such a form that our appeal regarding the necessity of keeping the things belonging to Tolstoy's eldest son sounded like pitiful, helpless pleading.

* * *

Headquarters was housed in the school. Towards evening a party of staff officers, who were evidently aristocrats and spoke French better than the physicians appeared at the museum. My knowledge of French assisted me to gain a proper understanding of this higher strata of modern Germany. Their interest in Tolstoy is merely superficial. They are much more interested in the Yasnaya Polyana of today. At the same time they cannot hide their dislike of everything Soviet, everything Russian. On learning that the museum is under the Academy of Sciences, they burst out laughing. One, a foppish young fellow, inquired superciliously of the others: "What kind of sciences have they got in the Soviet Union?" When I spoke of the model school in Yasnaya Polyana, they were surprised to hear that peasants' children attended it. "What? Those little beasts?" They asked about Tolstoy's sons, daughters, and grand-children. I told them that they received a pension from the government. They spoke of Tolstoy's relatives pityingly, since—"aristocrats are not esteemed in the Soviet Union."

Two or three of the museum staff came up to the steps where the conversation was going on. Then the group of officers moved off a little way and, quite unexpectedly, and evidently with the intention of annoing Soviet employees, sang "God Save the Tzar."

* * *

Six German soldiers died of wounds in the newly-opened dressing station. Their graves were dug close to that of Tolstoy, a proceeding which called forth the indignation of the museum staff.

I went to look for someone of authority. I was told to go to the staff-officers. A tall, haughty, fair-haired man spoke Russian with a strong German accent. With rising agitation, I endeavoured to persuade him that no one should be buried near Tolstoy's grave, and told him that the soldiers were digging there now and had brought crosses.

"Ah, of course . . . It's the crosses you object to, not the graves," the haughty aristocrat interrupted sharply. I was obliged to give up my pleading for the inviolability of the grave that we held sacred. The wall of an alien world rose before me.

THE DEVASTATION OF THE MUSEUM

November 1st. About two o'clock in the afternoon a German soldier came running in and asked me breathlessly to open the museum and show it to a "very high general." I made haste. I could see even from a distance that it was a really high general. Officers were hurrying out of hospital and headquarters to meet him. The scene before the house reminded one of a ballet: officers backs and legs acquired an extraordinary elasticity, the bowing and scraping was endless. And when "der grosse General" advanced, they all made way for him.

I did not succeed, evidently, in being diplomatic and respectful. "Der grosse" was impatient, he hurried through his inspection of the museum, regarding it as of very little importance. As far as could be judged from his behaviour, he was more interested in the question of whether the building was suitable for military purposes than in the cultural treasures collected in it. Perhaps he wanted to use it as his headquarters. Whatever he wanted, it was clear his visit boded no good for museum.

One of the staff-officers of the general's suite returned ten minutes after the great personage had left and asked to be shown everything in detail again. Some rare photographs of "Tolstoy at work in his study," "Tolstoy and Makovetsky" he took away, in spite of the protests made by the curator. He said they were required by certain Berlin magazines.

The officers were curious to know where and when the bulk of the treasures—the books and pictures, etc. had been evacuated. When they heard that all the most valuable things were in Siberia, they said confidently: "Oh, yes, of

After Lessons at Yasnaya Polyana School

course, from Siberia the communists will sell them all to the Americans." They judge everyone by their own standards, evidently.

* * *

It appears that "der grosse General" was Guderian. I never thought I would meet him in this museum.

November 2nd. Dr. Schwartz, who had declared his willingness to preserve the museum exhibits, suggested taking down all the wall exhibits from the hospital. He admits he never imagined there would be so many wounded.

Kondaurova, Vasilieva, Filatov, Marchina, Sergei Ivanovich and I started to take down the pictures and photographs in the literary museum this morning and carry them into the main museum, where the confusion is increasing.

We are taking down the exhibits in the literary museum, while wounded men are lying all over floor upstairs; some are very seriously wounded. A German with a face like death itself is lying opposite the "War and Peace" exhibit. He is wounded in the arm and the head, and groaning hoarsely in agony. Some of the things cannot be taken down because to do so would have to move and raise wounded men.

I express surprise that they are lying on hay. The physician seems a little embarrassed as he explains that they are only here for a few hours, or perhaps a day or two, until they can be taken by car to Chern.

There are scores of cars parked on the ground between the literary museum and the living-room museum. The field-kitchen is here, too. Carcasses of pigs and cows hang from poles between the trees. The fences and benches are being broken up for firewood.

November 3rd. This morning I received orders

to clear the second floor of the main museum. We take all the things out of the parlour into the big salon. Upstairs only two rooms—the salon and Sophia Andreievna Tolstoy's room are left now, and they are in chaos. The rest of the rooms are occupied by German officers.

So that is what "betreten verboten" amounts to! Not much account is taken of the "protective charter" hung up by the German officers on museum door the first day they came. There is one consolation, however, I shall not have to show any German officers round the museum.

When the things had all been taken out and the door leading downstairs had been locked, one of the officers said to me: "You will be answerable for keeping the museum in order." What a mockery . . . It all makes me feel very sad.

* * *

The booming of the big guns carries from the Tula direction.

November 6th. I was called to the museum again this morning to show Tolstoy's house to someone, although half of it has already been turned into officers' quarters. They want me to show them the things that are piled up in the salon. A German journalist jots down some notes.

Two figures stard out from the party of visit-

Ruins of Yasnaya Polyana School, destroyed by the Hitlerites

ors—two Whiteguardist émigrés: Prince Demidov and Prince Svyatopolk-Mirsky. The latter is the son of the Minister of Home Affairs to whom, at the beginning of this century, Tolstoy appealed on Gorky's account. Gorky was then in prison in Nijni-Novgorod.

Mirsky declares proudly that the Sviatopolk-Mirskys were liberals in their day. Their descendant is evidently of a different calibre. He is clearly trying to sing in tune with the Germans: "Kill the Jews." When I show them the piano, I speak of Professor Goldenweiser, who was for seventeen years a friend of the family, paid frequent visits to Yasnaya Polyana and played the piano for Leo Nikolaevich. The Prince interrupts me with: "But Goldenweiser is a Jew, he'll have a bad time of it now." Jews are an obsession with the Germans . . .

As soon as he sees the family samovar, Mirsky says, smiling, that he has been dreaming of a Tula samovar for a long time, so we should give it to him if only for that reason. He repeats this charming little joke with regard to other museum exhibits.

Meanwhile the Prince hums an air from an operetta called "Ivanov Pavel" which had a successful run in Moscow in 1913—1914, but is now quite forgotten. For him, evidently, the limit of his life was reached then; all these little jokes and ditties went ill with the flabby, much-creased face of the prince at forty-five.

Prince Demidov was much stiffer in his behaviour. A well-nourished, rosy-faced man of fifty-five, he somehow reminded me of a district superintendent of the police.

Both Demidov and Mirsky looked like relics of a bygone regime. It is said, but I cannot vouch for the truth of it, that Demidov is to be commandant of Tula.

. November 7th. A grey, lowering day. There are no planes out. From eleven in the morning to four in the afternoon the German heavy artillery stationed before the crèche-building fires a volley every ten or twelve minutes at Tula. Tula is holding out splendidly. Dr. Schwartz admits frankly that the town's prolonged resistance comes as a surprise to the Germans. A great many wounded have been brought to the hospital.

November 8th. This evening Maria Petrovna Markina, who has been a technical worker at the museum for 20 years, came running in, alarmed, to say: "The Germans want the ground floor of the museum opened, they say they'll have no room for all the wounded."

Sergei Ivanovich went to the museum. The locks on the door had been broken already. They were no wounded to be seen. Perfectly healthy German officers thrust Sergei Ivanovich aside and burst noisily into the house. They settle down to sleep in all the lower floor rooms except the vaulted ones in which the museum things are piled. Well, this looks like the end of the Tolstoy museum and home.

* * *

I could not get to sleep all night for thinking that the treasures of Russian culture were being and would be trampled under foot by the Germans. It grieved and wounded me.

November 9th. I was called upon in the morning to put an end to the main museum. Only the salon was to be left to us as a store-room for the things. They were moved by the German soldiers and our watchmen. The salon is crammed to overflowing, so things that the Germans regard as "non-perishable" they drag out on the verandah. We feel so discouraged that we can hardly move hand or foot. The struggle to save the museum seems unavailing.

Here is a characteristic incident. In the vestibule stood a couch on which Tolstoy was born. One of the greatest treasures in the museum, it was brought here a few days before from the literary section where we had hidden it under the vaulting from the bombing.

One of the physicians, whose name I do not know, ordered the soldiers to carry the couch into the room that had the bust in it; here he was intending to settle down. I insisted that the couch should not be touched and repeated stubbornly the one sentence "Leo Tolstoy was born on this couch," and told our watchmen, Fokanov and Filatov, to take it into the salon. So the Germans dragged it one way and we dragged another.

Fortunately for me the officers who had already been in the museum came up at that moment. I turned to them in despair, repeating

"Leo Tolstoy was born on this couch." Evidently abashed, they said something to the physician, who disappeared, looking rather confused. The couch, which had been torn in the heat of the battle, sailed away upstairs in the hands of our watchmen.

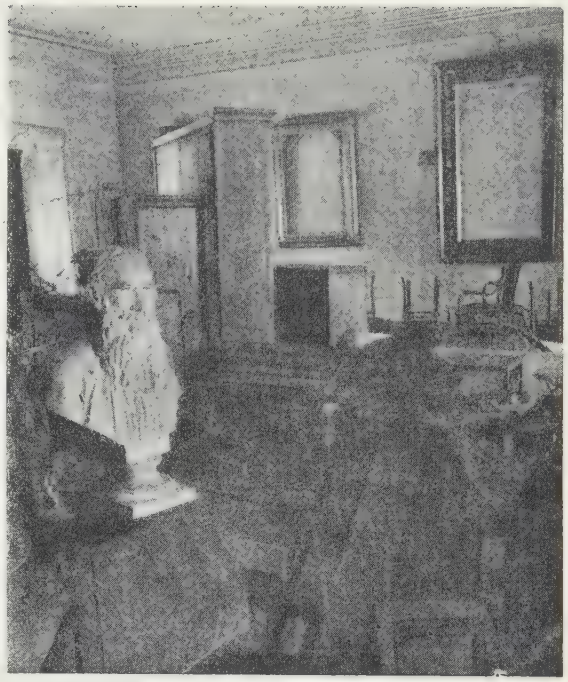
This same physician, it is interesting to note, was extremely gracious and complimentary a few days ago, when he told me: "I've been reading Tolstoy since I was six years old, I'm very fond of him". (What a pity I don't know this man's name).

I feel it is going to be difficult to keep not only the things but the house as well. A fear is gaining hold that this memorial to a great writer, this memorial of world significance, will be lost forever. The Germans think nothing of it. Prince Demidov, who is at present playing the part of commandant at Yasnaya Polyana, says that the place is now looked upon, not as a museum, but as the estate of the Counts Tolstoy, and should therefore be at the disposal of his heirs alone.

THIEVES AND HANGMEN

November 10th—13th. All quiet on the Yasnaya Polyana front, except for the occasional thud of the long-range guns. Evidently the Germans are firing at Tula. As soon as the sky clears a little, our Russian planes come out. Then the huge

Drawing Room in Tolstoy's House, Yasnaya Polyana



Hall in Tolstoy's House, Yasnaya Polyana, as it was left by the Hitlerites

German anti-aircraft guns standing near the school open fire on them.

November 14th. Last night and all day the Germans have been sending heavy artillery shells over to Tula. Where is the battery? No one knows exactly. But it must be somewhere quite near the house: you can hear the drone of the shells going across and the windows rattle. All the Russians are very depressed. If those shells are going straight over to Tula then there must be nothing left of it.

As evening comes on the depression deepens till it becomes unbearable; a dreadful rumour has reached us. The staff in the schoolhouse has sentenced two men and they have been hanged near the post-office. One is Vlassov, a young peasant of Yasnaya Polyana, and a refugee who fled for his life here. It appears that someone with a hand-grenade damaged a German car standing in Vlassov's yard. A car is valued at two human lives.

There, too a notice has been put up; should the offence be repeated, it says, four men will be hanged.

The things these European murderers are doing are beyond imagining; the heart refuses to believe, the mind refuses to take them all in.

Tolstoy's "I Cannot be Silent" comes to my mind.

* * *

This morning Sergei Ivanovich, Maria Petrovna, and I went back to the Tolstoy house to see if all the museum things were there. The chiffonier in Sophia Andreievna's room has been broken into. It was locked and is now open. It is difficult to say what has been taken, now that the cards have gone. The cupboard on the stairs is open, too. The soldiers told me that, an officer called Gotthardt took away Sophia Andreievna's weighing-scales.

We went to complain to the head physician. He looked at the open cupboards, suggested that we should lock them up better and asserted confidently that the soldiers could not have taken anything—they were so honest. Dr. Schwartz, who knows Gotthardt, has promised to help us get the things back.

We feel powerless to fight for the preservation of the museum things. Down below someone has seen them heating the stove with—the dining-room table. A coat-and-hat rack is missing from the vestibule: evidently that has found its way to the stove as well. We speak to the soldiers and ask them not to burn the furniture, they tell us that their officers gave them permission.

We picked up a few other things; a photograph out of the guest-room, a mirror and a lamp out of the vestibule, and crammed them into the already chock-full salon—the Germans do not seem to have made their way in there yet.

It makes one sad to go near the museum: all the flower-beds around it have been trampled, all the shrubs and fences broken down by German cars and tanks that come here occasionally for repairs. There is dirt everywhere.

November 16th. As we were going to the well in the wood for water we met a peasant bringing in a wounded boy on a carrier's cart. They were coming from Kryltsovo. So there's trouble out there, too . . .

* * *

The two that were hanged are still there, left as a terrible example to the local population. The doctors and officers who were so gracious at first now go about scowling and looking askance at the Russians round about. They did not reckon on spending so long at the approaches to Tula. At first, they said smilingly that they would make only a short stay in the house, but they have been here nineteen days already . . .

* * *

This morning Sergei Ivanovich, Maria Petrovna and I started out on our round of the house, to see if the exhibits we had taken off the walls of the literary museum and hidden in the guest-room of the main museum were still intact. We knew that officers were occupying the room. They had assured us that we might leave all the exhibits in the cupboards and vouched for their safety.

We knocked at the door . . . They would not let us in, demanding a note from the staff-physician. I went to see him. A soldier went with me. The office of the museum was kept clean, I could see. The long table was covered with a white cloth, it was evidently the physician's dining-room. The pictures of our leaders had been taken down and burnt. The busts of Lenin and Stalin had been smashed and thrown out, there were bits lying for a long time at the foot of the steps. The physician was sitting by the stove while a soldier was painting his portrait in oils.

I asked him for permission to take the pictures out of the room where the officers were. He sent a soldier with me. The soldier transmitted the head physician's order to th fficers and we started to collect the things. Then we saw that the pictures and photographs had been taken out of the cupboards and lay on top, while the cupboards were now taken up with the officers' belongings.

We took down the most valuable things; they were not all here; many of the photo-frames were empty; all the best had been taken. I could not help it—I blurted out: "Where are the pictures?" The faces awry, grow hard and malicious. There is an angry outburst, noble indignation: to think of a German officer taking anything?

But only three days ago when they first went into that room, everything was there intact! Well, moaning and groaning, we gather up what is left, and take them into the vestibule, intending to put them away in the salon.

Passing soldiers stop and look at the exhibits. The photo of "Gorky and Tolstoy" arouses their interest. I explain that Gorky had been Tolstoy's guest and the photo was taken while he was staying here. I ask them if Gorky's books are forbidden in Germany. They say yes. An officer happening to pass by at that moment, shouts: "None of that talking here! Geschichten!" The officers are getting irritable, I shall probably be regarded as one of the "unreliable" soon.

We took the pitiful remains of the literary exhibits into the salon, and put seals on them. But it is doubtful if these few interesting things will survive.

I go into the room under the vaults to see if all the cards hidden there are intact. Yes, they are all there. That is one good thing anyway.

November 18th. War has become an everyday affair . . . Aeroplanes droning overhead, guns booming. Kurt the chauffeur is warming himself in the kitchen.

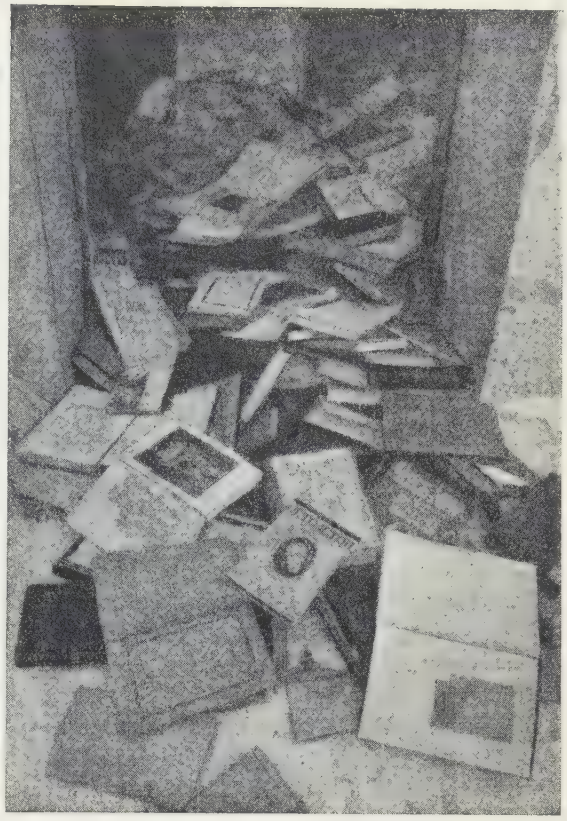
November 19th—20th. Neither shots nor explosions are to be heard. Wilhelm the chauffeur says that Tula is surrounded, that the Germans will not take it by force, but by starving the people. "When the Russian soldiers have nothing to eat, they will come out themselves, and we won't have any losses," he concludes triumphantly.

There is a rumour that the Germans have hung 14 people in Shchekino. Apparently, there has to be a definite percentage of people hanged in every populated center; this is the will of the "conquerors." Two have been hanged in Yasnaya Polyana, fourteen in Shchekino.

* * *

The position of the teachers and museum staff is idiotic, indefinite. The Germans are heating the stoves with the stands and benches in the schoolhouse. Orlov attempted to protest. And was told:

"You won't be keeping a school any more."



Tolstoy's Library, heaped into a pile by the Hitlerites

They say the same of the museum. It will not be a museum any longer but only the estate of the Tolstoy family.

We tried to get bread. The list of museum staff and teachers was given to prince Demidov long ago. But he does not even deign to speak to us. There is no talk of bread yet. We have almost nothing to eat but potatoes, and that is why we are all ailing.

This is the fourth week without bread, except for the little bit we get occasionally from our German lodger. Wilhelm is the only one of the four quartered on us who does sometimes think of sharing with us.

The peasants are a little better off; most of them have some stocks of provisions. Prince Demidov is trying to influence them; this is natural enough; they are the future providers of "des Grossen Deutschlands."

Who is this Prince Demidov? They say he has been appointed commandant of Tula and that he is only waiting until the town has been cleared for him. But at the same time he feels himself the master of Yasnaya Polyana.

The other day the Germans went into Arina Ivanovna's cowsheds and demanded a good cow from her. She protested. Then they shook their fists at her threateningly. She gave in. And in the evening Demidov came and wanted to know where the cow had got to. He scolded Arina Ivanovna for having given it up. Does he perhaps regard himself as one of Tolstoy's heirs? It looks as though he was treating Yasnaya Polyana as his own property.

THE ROBBERY GOES ON

November 22nd. The latest example of the German's care for the museum: a very stiff officer who spoke French came and told us to collect all the valuables in the salon and cellar in two hours time as he was empowered to seal up the museum property.

I told him that I wouldn't have time to carry all the things from the verandah into the cellar in two hours, as all the people who help with this kind of work live in the village. The officer was in a hurry. He pasted up a notice: "Confiscated for the High Command of the German Forces," on one of the doors leading into the salon. He kept asking me whether many things were missing. There was something malicious and mocking in his face. With the impression still fresh in my memory of the officers' wrath when I asked them where the pictures and the portraits out of the guest-room had gone, I felt obliged to evade a direct reply.

November 23rd. They say that tomorrow the unit that is stationed here will move eastward, and this will be either a hospital or quarters for infantry. My heart contracts with fear: I have heard that the infantry are worse then the medical corps.

* * *

Here is a picture of our life here today:

Dmitri Semyonovich and Boris Sergeivich, our watchmen, are dragging some cupboard or other from the verandah. (I must say, they are behaving splendidly: they have been working for the whole month now without any money, coming whenever we ask them). I am dragging in a little round table, to put it in the cellar. Suddenly I see two Germans driving our best museum cow to the "slaughterhouse" they have fixed up in a shed opposite the white kitchen. They kick her in the udder. Grishin runs out to meet them, shouting that the cow is bearing a calf and they should take some other. They pay no heed to him, they don't understand Russian. I go up and explain in broken German that the cow will soon have either a son or a daughter, since I don't know the German word for "calve." They laugh at me. I tell them that there are three cows in the shed from the herd the Germans drove here for slaughter. Reluctantly, they go back with Grishin. The special museum cow is saved. Twenty minutes later a shot rings out from the barn: they have killed another cow.

November 25th. Early morning. It is hardly light yet. We are all asleep. Maria Petrovna comes running in.

"What's to be done? They're taking them away, curse them, they're taking away the museum things! I keep telling them 'museum, museum'! but they won't listen to me. Come and help me."

I dress myself quickly and run out. A huge covered lorry is standing before the museum. Soldiers are dashing to and fro. I say pleadingly: "Please don't take away the museum things." A growl is all I get in reply. Though I can't understand the words, I take the meaning to be: "Don't poke your nose in where you're not asked." I attempt to get through the hall to see the officers and ask them to leave us the things. But there are still more soldiers with rifles here. Again I hear only grunting and growling and abuse. "Sacramento, sacramento!" Then someone pushes me out gently by the neck, saying: "Clear out!"

Maria Petrovna falters: "Let's go, quick, Maria Ivanovna." So we have to go.

* * *

At ten o'clock, when nearly all the Germans have left the main museum, taking away with them all

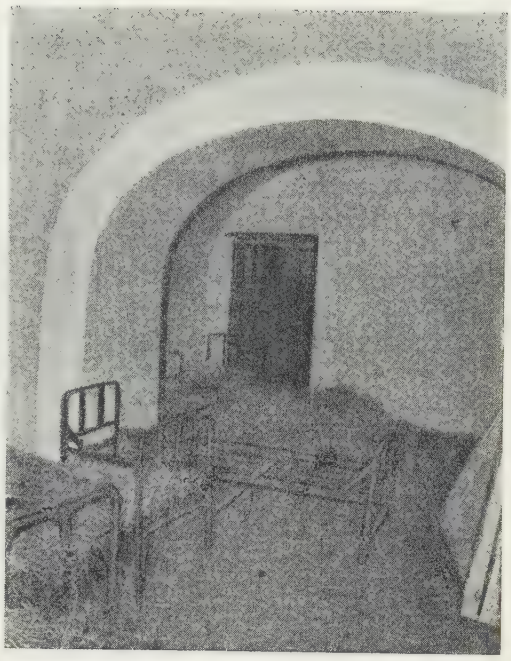
the valuable museum things, we take the watchmen and go to fetch what is left. We are horror-stricken at the sight that meets our eyes: this is no museum, but an Augean stable with a vengeance. The rooms are strewn with hay, torn paper, gnawed crusts, and old broken boots. The five volumes of "Universal Geography" that lay in the library bookcase are all slashed with razors—the coloured pictures have been cut out.

The door leading from the study to the balcony is open. We go out and then stand horrified: evidently the Germans were too lazy to go out to the lavatory at night; the whole balcony is filthy. We take out the furniture that was under the vaulting, down into the cellar. And on the way we remark that the locks of the table drawers are broken.

On one of the doors our seal and the notice "Confiscated" left by an officer passing through on November 22nd are still intact. We had moved the furniture against the second door on the inside, and so were sure that everything in it would be in order. We try this second door and, oh, horrors! the things must have been moved by some superhuman force; they must have got in without passing through the sealed doors. We can't make out yet what has been taken. We close and lock the doors.

Curiously enough, we found the first German "protective charter" —"Betreten verboten" on the floor of the room under the vaulting; and it bore the print of someone's boot. It had never had any power—this charter. Our museum was done for . . .

November 25th. I started to move the potatoes out of our cellar to the place where I am living, so as to save our last means of subsistence. The thing is that the German "Kulturträger" have taken to clearing out the cellars and rooms in private houses. Yesterday they came into Grishin's house and took the lamp that was burning on the table. When he objected, they threatened him with a revolver. This morning they took the sugar, bread and cucumbers off the table before his wife's eyes. From another woman, Litvinova, who has three children and is starving, they demanded flour, and asked where her wedding-ring was.



Domed Study in Tolstoy's House, Yasnaya Polyana, in which the author wrote "War and Peace". This room was turned into a barrack by the Hitlerites

* * *

In the evening, to see if I could get a little calmer, I went out with Sophia Alexandrovna to Leo Nikolaevich's grave. I have not visited it once since I learned that German soldiers and officers were buried close by. The rows of birch crosses whitened in the dusk. There was only a little space free of German graves as far as the sapling fence bordering the path to the grave of Leo Nikolaevich. To the left of the path I counted 75 graves, laid out with German regularity in straight rows.

A wild and terrifying combination.

November 25th. At midnight the cannonade disturbed us. I got up and went outside. It was coming from the Tula direction, where I could see flashes every now and then.

* * *

In the daytime I was called to the literary museum to talk to the new physicians who have just arrived. There is going to be a new "Verband-

The Leo Tolstoy Hospital, Yasnaya Polyana.

platz" here and they demand that we clean up all the dirt left by the last one.

In one of the rooms we find a woman lying on a stretcher. She looks yellow and worn out with suffering: her hip-bone is smashed. She is in a state of stupor. Her name is Natalia. It appears that she was brought here from the village three days ago. People had asked the German physicians to dress the wound but they had neglected her. Natalia had had nothing to eat or drink. There she lay in dirt, in her blood-soaked clothes and her heavy felt boots.

We brought her some milk and food. But we had nothing to bind her wounds with. The men from the Verbandplatz appeared and insisted that we should take her away. Some people came from the collective farm, and took her to the post-office. Antonina Ustinovna of the chemist's shop has promised to help.

November 27th. I showed three physicians around the Augean stables that were once Leo Nikolaevich's house. They promised another protective charter. But what are they worth, these papers? We have had two of them and still the number of things in the museum is dwindling.

November 28th. Shells are going over to Tula all day long.

November 29th. The German artillery is bombarding Tula again. Nerves are strained to breaking-point, and another batch of German non-commissioned officers has come. They brought in hay and trampled it underfoot. The rooms are turned into stables. I have to hide the lamp and light a tiny wick that gives a mere glimmer of light. The Germans take all the lamps.

November 30th. I cried bitterly today. From early morning we were busy moving Tatiana's books into Sergei's second room. Many from the scientific collection have been "borrowed" and taken to the Germans' quarters, taken away by the dozen. We were tired. In the evening when I went into the living-room museum, there was another to-do. A new unit is expected and the Germans are insisting that we clear out Sergei's second room.

Suddenly Maria Petrovna calls out: "Come here, come here this minute, Maria Ivanovna."

She drags me into the dining-room. The window is broken. Some rags are lying about on the floor. These abominable German rats get in every-

where. "Beschlagnahmt" — says the notice on the door. It never occurred to us that the Germans could get in without going through the door. They have broken the little window that was boarded up.

My nerves cannot stand it any longer. I break down and weep out of the realization of my own helplessness. Even these pitiful remains of the Tolstoy's house are to disappear.

YASNAYA POLYANA ABLAZE

December 1st—2nd. The bombardment is still going on, a dread, heart-breaking music. And all around us people are groaning. The Germans are behaving with increasing unceremoniousness and brazen insolence, particularly in the village. Three women have been raped in Yasnaya Polyana.

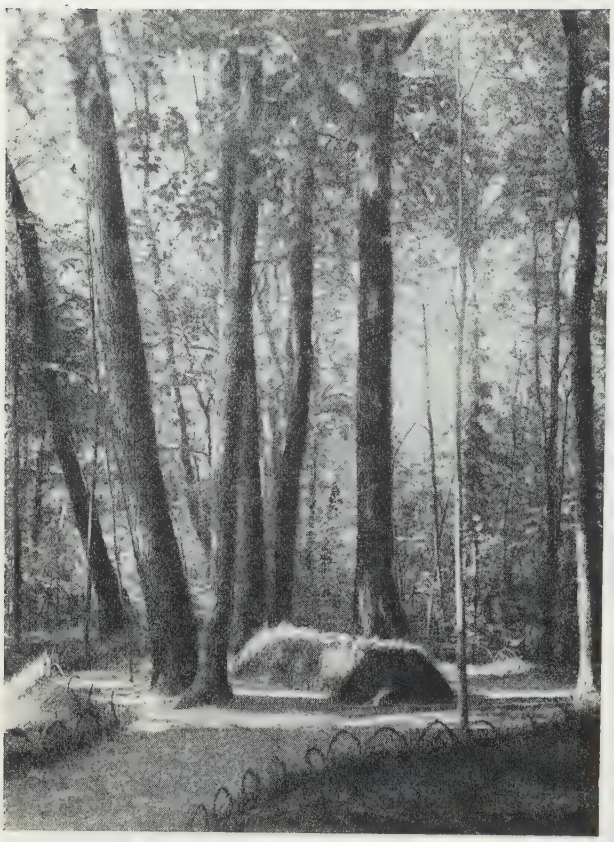
A clackish-looking officer came and demanded a mattress, bed and pillow. We told him we hadn't any to spare (which was true, my things were taken away by the Germans). He went into Sergei Ivanovich's room and took the mattress, then to Maria Petrovna's and took her bed, mattress and pillow. They stole a pillow from poor Litvinova, too. When they come into other people's rooms, they thrust aside any Russian who happens to get in their way.

The electric light is burning in the literary museum. The sentries guard it very strictly. I have heard that this is to be kept for a general who is expected. They have put no one in the Volkonsky house yet. That in itself is suspicious: we may be thrown out altogether, as they threw out all the teachers from the school hostel.

I would run away, anywhere, as long as I didn't see those grey-green uniforms again. But there is nowhere to go. There's not much to eat here but still we have a little stock of potatoes to keep us from starvation. We managed to get 5 kilogrammes of rye each, and we grind it with a pestle in a mortar, mix it with potatoes and bake something like bread from it.

December 5th. New German units have arrived. It is a fresh trial for the population. These Germans are still more insolent than those who were

Ruins of the Leo Tolstoy Hospital demolished by the Hitlerites



Tomb of Leo Tolstoy, Yasnaya Polyana

here before. They forced I. V. Yegorov to take off his felt boots when they met him in the street. They took away some cotton print from Konyaeva. They took old Preobrazhensky's felt boots as well. And there are many, many more instances like these. "What wild people have started to come to our house lately," said the music teacher Elizaveta Vassilievna, who lives with her elderly sister and mother in one of the last houses in the village. "This morning two men ran in and demanded bread, and we haven't any ourselves. We offered them yesterday's cold potatoes. They ate them, then they opened the stove and got out the potatoes that weren't ready, and ate those as well. Then another of them came, took two of our chairs and cleared out . . ."

Two men are sleeping in the same room with us. They keep scratching themselves.

There are complaints from every side; they've taken something from this one, eaten something in that house, stolen the last morsel from some half-blind old woman . . .

The German general has not arrived yet. All kinds of unexpected things are happening to the Germans. It's plain that affairs are not going well with them, though they say nothing about it.

Today I wanted to speak to the officer, Wettig, about papers to protect the museum from further damage. But there is no sign of him. Now we have settled that the Sonderführer, a sort of super-staff officer who has occupied the main museum with his staff, is to give me a paper on December 10th.

This is a curious type. He is a Russian, a typical Whiteguard émigré. The fascists do not say who he is, but it is evident that he comes of some aristocratic family. These kind are worse than Germans: they are afraid they may be suspected of sympathy for the Russians and so they behave with much greater ferocity.

When Maria Petrovna began to lament about the German soldiers burning the doors of Sergei Tolstoy's cupboard, he said sharply and meaningly "You'd better hold your tongue."

December 10th. In the hut where the water-tower is, several of our Russians are kept under arrest. Two village women are moving about outside the main museum waiting for the Sonderführer and groaning. It appears that their husbands have been arrested on the way from Yasnaya Polyana station to the village. We go along with them. From the watch-tower their husbands call out to them. The sentry barks at the men like a dog. I try to soften him, and speak broken German to him.

He is not to be softened, and drives us away. Still, the women brighten up a little and go to see the Sonderführer. Now at least they know that their husbands are alive and here. They look worn and tormented.

December 11th. I couldn't get any papers out of the Sonderführer—anyhow events are developing, the Germans are not thinking of museum just now. Last night (or was it the night before?) our troops, people say, broke through and the Germans are retreating. They explain it as a "strategic measure;" they are supposed to be decoying the

Russians out of Tula, in order to strike a terrific blow. A very dubious explanation!

At all events the Germans here are prepared. Their cars are standing with the engines ready to start.

December 12th. To night there is hardly a German in the place. We take advantage of the occasion to saw some wood—we have been afraid to bring out the saw before, the Germans would have taken it. As we saw up the firewood the German batteries behind the village are sending shell after shell, either at Tula or the woods.

* * *

The heavy artillery makes sleep impossible. The windows rattle when the shells burst. About eight fir-trees have been thrown down in the alley on the famous "prospect." There is a strong wind and a thaw.

The Germans are retreating, that we know for certain at last. Oh, if only they could be driven far, far away! We feel as though we were under arrest; they haven't let us out for three days even to the well at Voronka. We drink the water from the middle pond.

Yesterday they brought in the bodies of their dead.

December 14th. Morning. I am going out to the pond for water. A new and unfamiliar sound overhead; a thin whistle like that of a siren. And suddenly—an explosion near at hand. Then only did I realize that this was not a siren but the flight of a shell.

There are very few Germans in the place now. The last of them, as they leave the village, are driving away pigs, sheep and cows. One of our museum cows has been taken, too. The other three we had time to hide in the shed in the garden.

A German car is still standing outside. Shells are droning overhead, evidently the battle is quite near. Between nine and ten clouds of smoke suddenly appear from the Woods' office and the hospital and grow thicker every moment.

We learn that in retreating, the Germans have set fire to the Woods' office, the hospital and the

Tomb of Leo Tolstoy, around which the Hitlerites laid a cemetery for their dead

rest home. The whole village is in a panic; it is rumoured that the Germans are burning every thing. The people prepare to leave their houses.

A sheet of flame soars from the huge school building called after Tolstoy. Excitement is spreading; they are going to burn up everything, the museum as well.

Bullets whistle around me as I run across to the Tolstoy house. Only a few Germans are left here. I call the cleaner, Markina, and together we try to get in. We are met by a German N. C. O. "Clear out! Be off with you! Wohnhaus—in die Luft!"

But now we need take no notice of him. I run to call all the staff together; we have to hurry and save the museum. Clouds of smoke are coming from the windows.

It is a terrifying place to go into just now. The situation is saved by the young people: Pavel Komarovsky, Dr. Ilyushin, and Claudia Litvinova dash in boldly, and after a moment or two call out that three rooms have been set fire to, but the fire can still be fought.

There is neither fire-brigade nor water—the Germans broke up the well. We drag in snow, seize the things on the ground floor, hoping to drag them out. Then an idea occurs to one of us. Surely there must be water still in the old well. We tear off the boards. Yes, there is water. The situation is saved . . .

It goes on till evening—this struggle with fire. We pull up the floor-planking, break outlets in the ceilings, and put out the flames.

And in the evening we are rewarded: it is with a sense of satisfaction that we can say the house is saved. Of course, everything is twisted, mutilated, defiled. But never mind that—now we can restore it all: the Germans have fled.

December 15th. Morning. The first Red Army men appear. We surround them eagerly and tell them all that has happened. And demand more and more news.

But the news they bring would raise the dead to life. The Germans are being driven back on the whole front!

WHAT OUR TROOPS SAW AT YASNAYA POLYANA

By **P. Troyanovski,** senior political instructor

WE WERE advancing on Yasnaya Polyana with one of general Boldin's regiments, which had been ordered to free the home of the great Tolstoi from the German invaders. A battle was in progress in the woods and along the roads. The salvoes fired by the guns, the rattling of the machine guns and the rifle shots blended in a single continuous din. Yasnaya Polyana, the home of the author of "War and Peace," presented a battle ground, where Russians and Germans matched strength. All around lay the dead bodies of German soldiers, remains of broken cars, crippled tanks, guns and cases of munitions. A village was set on fire by the Germans and women and children stood weeping about the ruins. It is hard to describe the majesty and tragedy of this fierce battle.

When Yasnaya Polyana came into sight, a strong emotion came over all of us, and Lieutenant Vassili Zotov, who marched next to me, shouted:

"Boys, Yasnaya Polyana!"

And the men pushed on through the deep snow, paying no attention to the whistling bullets. Another few steps and Zotov sank to the ground, wounded and bleeding profusely. When the men picked him up, he whispered:

"Hurry up, boys, this is where Tolstoi lived."

The fighters struck the enemy with redoubled fury. They did not walk, they ran. Everybody was in a hurry, and the Hitlerites were retreating towards the Yasnaya Polyana ravine, firing away at us all the while.

Yasnaya Polyana was in flames. The fire now spread to the famous school and hospital. A dense black smoke poured from the windows of Tolstoi's two-story house. As the Hitler burglars retreated they had no time to take along their arms, cars, tanks and munitions, but they did find time to fire the famous historical estate.

This fire at Yasnaya Polyana was not the only foul deed which the fascists committed in Leo Tolstoi's hometown. The keeper of the museum, Sergei Ivanovich Shchegolev, scientific worker Maria Ivanovna Shchegoleva, the teacher Elizaveta Vassilievna Solovieva, the wife of the forester, Elizaveta Vassilievna Filipenko and dozens of inhabitants of the place told us in detail how the Germans held wild sway at Yasnaya Polyana.

The Germans came on October 29. For two days prior to their arrival they shelled and bombed the estate continuously. Many women and children were killed as a result. Among the dead was Pavel Davydovich Orekhov, chairman of the local collective farm and a pupil of Tolstoi himself in the past.

Here is what Sergei Ivanovich told us:

"On the very first day we were made to feel how the Germans hated the Russians and everything Russian. When the Red Army was here, the museum and the whole estate were guarded by sentries. From morning till night we were visited by fighters, commanders and political workers. With the utmost attention they examined the house in which Tolstoi lived and worked and listened carefully to what we told them about him. We could feel how they loved, respected and honoured the memory of the great writer. But soon three German officers appeared. They looked at the museum and wrote in the visitors' book: "The first three Germans in the campaign against Russia have arrived at Yasnaya Polyana." Despite our protest they tore from the walls some rare photos of Tolstoi and left . . . They were fol-

lowed by others and these drove all the personnel from their quarters, took their belongings and announced that the museum will have to be cleared and turned into a barrack.

In the garden in front of the house the Germans began to kill cows, geese and chickens and to make camp fires. They broke the fences, tore the doors from the hinges, broke the furniture and used it all for fuel.

The caretakers of the museum made an attempt to protest saying that there was wood nearby, but the German physician Schwartz replied:

"We do not want any wood, we shall burn everything that is connected with the name of your Tolstoi."

On the following day the estate which the Russian people treasured so much, was beyond recognition. Tolstoi's valuable furniture and his books and pictures the Germans threw into the cellar or out into the street. The officers made themselves at home in the museum premises. A barber. shop was arranged under the staircase, and a shoemaker's shop was opened into the room of Sudakov, Tolstoi's butler. The famous room with its alcoves, where "War and Peace" was written, was turned into a smoking room for the German officers. The garden, the park and the various buildings were destroyed without much ado . . .

The historical place was mutilated beyond recognition!

We were walking along the alley. An acrid odour of smoke filled the air, and ashes were lying on the snow. Everything around us was broken, sullied, trampled and spoiled. When entering the Tolstoi house one is struck by a feeling that robbers have been carrying on here. The walls are spat at and filthy, the floors broken and the windows broken. This was the house in which lived Leo Tolstoi, whose books are cherished by all of mankind.

Leaving the museum, a Red Army man said: "They shall pay dearly for this!"

"They will!"—this is the verdict of the Red Army and of the entire Soviet people.

THE HITLERITE GANGSTERS AT YASNAYA POLYANA

By **Alexei Tolstoy**

WHILE the Germans were fleeing from Yasnaya Polyana during the general retreat of December 16th, they destroyed and burned Leo Tolstoy's home.

Since the establishment of Soviet power the house and grounds adjoining had been kept as a museum where everything, down to the smallest detail, was preserved as it had been in the writer's life-time. The sanctum was a small corner room with bare plastered walls, a vaulted ceiling and a window shadowed by the boughs of trees. It was severe, ascetic, like Leo Tolstoy's attitude to himself and his art. Here, seated in a low chair at a rather inconvenient table, he worked—the little man with the lined, bearded face, the shaggy grey brows from under which the grey eyes with the cold glitter of aged youth gazed out steadily and uncompromisingly. No work of art, sculpture, picture or carpet was there to soften the harsh austerity of the room. His gardening tools stood in the corner, a few shining bits and bridles hung on the walls, seeds were spread out to dry in paper on the window-sills; these and a book-case—his library was in another part of the house—were all that relieved the bareness.

Here his genius, for which the world of falsehood, wrong-doing, and the lawlessness of unjust law, was too cramped, spread its wings. Here his youthfully ardent heart throbbed with love for the beautiful in mankind—the beauty to which he dedicated his inspired lines. Here his conscience poured out its indignation over injustice and dictated words of fiery accusation; here were written the pages over which we have laughed and cried and learned to be better than we were.

Here stood that curious crotchet of his Russian conscience—the peasant's primitive wooden plough, behind which Repin painted him, ploughing his furrow one windy day.

All these things have been trampled, broken and burnt by Hitler's soldiers.

When they were leaving they defaced the clean plastered walls with obscene drawings—for men to remember them by.

They cannot bring a plea of ignorance in their justification for every German has heard of Leo Tolstoy.

The profanation and havoc wrought in Yasnaya Polyana were deliberate and intentional. The soldiers are the obedient tools through the medium of which Hitler carries out his leading policy: to destroy, to wipe from the face of the earth every national culture, so that men should become "forgetful of their own people," and no commandment other than Hitler's book "Mein Kampf" should remain to a world enslaved by the Nazis.

The Germans have deliberately destroyed the most ancient dwellings and architectural ensembles of English cities, deliberately reduced to ruins the beautiful monuments of Leningrad and Warsaw. They defiled the grave of the poet Pushkin as they were leaving the sacred hills; smashed the Peterhof fountains—one of the finest examples of late Baroque; the path of the Germans is strewn with ruins of the significant things of culture; universities and theaters blown to pieces, parks cut down and laid waste. And, wherever it has happened that scholars or artists have fallen into the hands of the enemy, the Hitlerite soldiers have taken a fiendish delight in shooting them or throwing them into concentration-camps to die of starvation.

And, in addition to the monstrous list of captured Red Army men who have died under tortures

that show an appalling refinement of cruelty, the young girls, women and children, tortured, raped, bayonetted, there is a lengthening list of wilful, savage destruction and profanation of things accounted precious in the culture of the world, and of places held sacred by nations.

We cannot even fathom in our imagination the depths of moral degradation to which Hitler's soldiers have fallen. They cannot be designated savages, for savages can hardly be blamed for not having risen to the level of civilization. It is an insult to savages to use the epithet to Hitler's soldiers. It is a gross insult to nature to call Hitler's soldiers "wild beasts." They are simply—a degraded rabble.

As the head of the international gangsters, Hitler has gathered and trained a whole generation of Germans, in the same way as pick-pockets and burglars are trained in a school for thieves—only, of course, on a much larger scale; he has marked their souls with the searing brand of the swastika and organized them for the enslavement and despoiling of the peoples of both hemispheres. We shall come later to the analysis of the why and wherefore of this unprecedented conspiracy and how it was given the chance to come to fruition. Now the problem confronting all free, civilized peoples is to save civilization and freedom, to preserve the humanitarian culture for which so many generations have toiled, and to relentlessly destroy in the name of that culture, and of the triumph of morality, and of the triumph of the national liberties of all countries and nations, that vast army of frenzied, ferocious gangsters who have fallen so low that they have forfeited the right to plead for mercy.

Leo Tolstoy believed in the triumph of good over evil in our life. We share the same viewpoint, but we are convinced that good is not a passive but an active, militant force, that the exalted tasks of building up this good inspire and lead onward our Soviet armies, that they will never pause or lay down their arms until these tasks shall have been fulfilled.

THE HITLER VANDALS WILL NOT BE ABLE TO CONCEAL THE CRIMES COMMITTED IN YASNAYA POLYANA

IN HIS note dated January 6, 1942, V. M. Molotov, People's Commissar of foreign affairs of the Soviet Union, advised the world about the facts of robbery and plunder committed by the German invaders in L. N. Tolstoi's estate and museum at Yasnaya Polyana, facts showing how the fascist barbarians dishonoured the great writer's memory.

The German information bureau has made attempts to conceal the crimes of the Hitlerites from world opinion and to "deny" the well-established facts cited in V. M. Molotov's note, but the statement which it made was a complete accusation of the Hitler robbers who carried on at Yasnaya Polyana. In the statement of the German Information bureau, dated January 9th, it says: "All the objects of museum were removed from Yasnaya Polyana by the bolsheviks, so that at the time when the German troops occupied that place they found there nothing but mural decorations, i. e., a few pictures painted by Tolstoi himself."

Up to now the civilized world knew that Tolstoi did not paint pictures, but wrote novels. But the Hitler fools care for nothing. "Having studied" the pictures stolen by their cutthroats, they "recognized" Tolstoi's hand. It is unbelievable combinations of cynicism and ignorance, of impudence and barefaced lies!

As usual the fascist liers forgot immediately what they themselves had written in their "denial." Having declared that the "museum's valuables had been removed completely from Yasnaya Polyana by the bolsheviks," these scribblers maintain without batting an eye-lash that "the museum objects on hand have been preserved by the German command . . ." Just like the woman who hated to pay debt, and said: "In the first place I never borrowed the pot from you, secondly—I returned it and, thirdly I broke it . . ."

An act has been drawn up by a commission made up of representatives of the Academy of Sciences of the USSR, among them Sofia Andreevna Tolstaya, Leo Tolstoi's grand-daughter, A. V. Shchusev, member of the Academy of Architecture, B. A. Kondrashev, professor of architecture, S. M. Shchegolev, keeper of the museum of Yasnaya Polyana, I. I. Mintz, corresponding member of the Academy of Sciences, E. N. Chebotarevskaya, manager of the funds of the L. N. Tolstoi State museum, N. S. Rodionov, editor of the academy edition of L. N. Tolstoi's writings, engineer I. I. Bodalev, chief of the administration of the Academy's capital construction work, and professor E. N. Gorodetski. This act is a perfect indictment of the crooks from the German information bureau. We quote from it:

"Having occupied the museum's living rooms and the room belonging to Sergei Lvovich Tolstoi, the writer's eldest son, the fascists made use of skeleton keys to pry open the locked tables and closets; from there they stole a saddle which Tolstoi used when horse-back riding, up to the day he left Yasnaya Polyana, and some peasant costumes of the Yasnaya Polyana region, of different periods and of ethnographic value. These, together with some linen stolen from Tolstoi's closet, were distributed among the fascist officers right there."

Below are some more quotations from appendix No. 5 of the act, enumerating the "trophies" seized by the Germans at Yasnaya Polyana:

1. A saddle used by Tolstoi up to the end of his life.

2. A round wall clock.

3. A large number of photographs, showing Tolstoi in various periods of his life.

4. A part of the books remaining from his library.

5. Eight original envelopes and letters addressed to Tolstoi (here follows an enumeration of these exhibits), taken from "L. N. Tolstoi's Correspondence."

6. Various small articles taken from broken-in closets in the room of Sofia Andreyevna Tolstaya.

7. Linen, blankets and pillows from Dr. Makovitski and I. V. Sidorkov's beds (they lived in Tolstoi's house).

8. A collection of ancient costumes worn by Yasnaya Polyana peasants.

9. 150 meters of runners stolen; in addition they stole or burned the following:

a. A bookcase made by L. N. Tolstoi and kept in his room.

b. Window curtains from the library, the secretary's room, the living room and Sofia Andreyevna Tolstaya's room.

c. A bar.

They also tore a divan on which L. N. Tolstoi was born. Being caught with the goods the Hitler burglars twist and turn. They declare that the accusation of demolition and destruction committed at Yasnaya Polyana is "denied by factual material, namely: testimony by witnesses and photographs." Thus the crooks and card sharpers are issuing to themselves a certificate of honesty—a case without precedence in criminal practice.

Of course, there is no testimony in the statement made by the German information bureau. There can be none, for Hitler's department, known as the German information bureau, can take recourse only to the testimony of that German general who, having visited the museum, ordered his officers to steal the pictures of the Tolstoi museum and keep them as "souvenirs." But what value can be attached to the testimony of that chief robber and thief who organized the pillaging of the Tolstoi museum?

The act of the commission has established the following:

"Paintings stolen by the Germans":

OIL

1. Drive leading to the Yasnaya Polyana estate—by Saltanov.

2. Partisans in 1812—by Petrov.

3. Peasant hut in Fili—copy of Savrasov's work.

4. Crossing the Berezina—by unknown painter.

5. Levin mowing hay—by Gilbert.

6. Tolstoi ploughing—copy of Repin's painting, by Solomin.

7. Demolition of landowner's estate—copy of Shestopalov's painting.

WATER COLOUR

1. The Volkonski Home—by Gilbert.

2. Natasha at the ball—copy of L. Pasternak's painting, by Glebov.

3. Pierre Bezukhov—copy of Boklevski's painting, by Glebov.

4. Leo Tolstoi and Nicholas II—by N. Ushakov.

5. The storming of the Malakhov Hill—etching executed at the time of the siege of Sevastopol."

Such are the facts of the theft by Hitler's troops of paintings belonging to the Tolstoi museum, but by no means painted by Tolstoi himself, as "established" by the fascist "art specialists."

The photographs which in the opinion of the crooks of the Hitler & Co. gambling house should whitewash the German thieving officers, can belong only to those which were stolen from the museum. But the Soviet photographs, which have sealed the pogrom acts of the Hitlerites at Yasnaya Polyana, are an undeniable and devastating proof against the Hitlerites. With the help of these documents world opinion will see

clearly once more to what depth of depravity Hitler Germany has sunk in its campaign against the cultural treasures of mankind.

The German Information bureau goes on to say:

"As to the Tolstoi castles, it is a matter of two perfectly preserved white buildings, the main one serving as a museum." Having been caught red-handed the Hitler burglars have evidently decided to outdo themselves in the denial of clear facts. And here are the facts:

1. Not one but both buildings were used as a museum, and upon order given by the German command, the exhibits of these two buildings were thrown out, destroyed and pillaged.

2. In spite of the fact that a wonderful hospital building was located nearby, the fascists have housed their wounded not in the hospital but in the museum, for they were of the opinion that this was the best way of accentuating their barbaric scorn for the monuments of Russian culture.

3. As to the "complete preservation of the white buildings," the following has been established by the commission of the Academy of Sciences:

" . . After the Germans had cleared the estate, three officers from German headquarters suddenly drove up in a passenger car. They broke into the house, carrying a container with fuel each, ran upstairs and heaped up some hay, straw and wooden furniture, which they seaked in oil, in each of three rooms—the library, Tolstoi's and S. A. Tolstaya's bedrooms. In L. N. Tolstoi's bedroom the bonfire was made on the spot where Tolstoi's bed stood.

Fortunately all this was done in a hurry, for the fascists were afraid of being surrounded and could not afford to lose time. The officers fled before they had completed their foul deed.

As soon as they left, the caretakers of the museum started to save the house. There was no water and the fire engines were destroyed by the Germans. It was with great difficulty that some water was finally found in an old abandoned well . . .

Thanks to the efforts of the caretakers and the youth, which displayed heroic courage, the fire was killed, and the Tolstoi house was saved from final ruin."

Below follows an extract from act No. 2 on the consequences of the fire, as drawn up by the commission of the Academy of Sciences:

"1. In the library premises on the second floor (room No. 34 according to the plan), the floor was burnt to the extent of 50%, a hole in the ceiling was broken through to the attic (20%), the plaster on the walls was burnt and shattered to the extent of 50%, and two doors with their jambs and door-cases were damaged by fire (they now require puttying and painting). The boards of one door are missing altogether.

2. In L. N. Tolstoi's bedroom (room No. 37) the floor was damaged by fire to the extent of 50%. The plaster was broken and spoiled (20%).

3. The window panes are shattered (80%) in the entire building.

4. In Sofia Andreyevna's bedroom (room No.39) three floorboards and one window frame were burned."

Thus the fact that the museum building was not fully destroyed was the ill luck of the fascist fire-brands, for they did all they could to burn the museum down to the ground.

The above refers not only to the museum. The Germans have made up their mind to raze from the face of the earth everything connected with the name and the memory of the great Russian writer. The German fascists have destroyed and burned the Tolstoi school, the Tolstoi clinic and hospital; they broke to bits and partly burned the objects made by Tolstoi, they uprooted the trees planted by Tolstoi himself, they broke and tore Tolstoi's furniture and drew their spider's swastika on the pages of Tolstoi's family albums. Even the brief extracts from the acts and the testimony given by eye-witnesses and victims, paint a horrifying picture of the sway held by the fascist bandits in Yasnaya Polyana.

Here is an extract from a short-hand report by S. I. Shchegolev, the keeper of the Tolstoi museum in Yasnaya Polyana:

"October 31. The room of Sergei Lvovich Tolstoi (Leo Tolstoi's son) has been occupied. I was surprised at the following: when the so-called "physician from head-quarters," who

had not named himself, demanded that Sergei Lvovich's room be cleared, I asked him to desist, saying that it was private property and that it was as dear to the museum as the remaining rooms; to this he replied: Where is he? I answered that Sergei Lvovich was in Moscow. Then, without speaking to me any more, he began to pry open the closets. I was astonished when I saw the expert skill with which he did it. They all have pick-locks shaped like pliers. In Sergei Lvovich's room he took several wine glasses and put them in his pocket. Then he unlocked the lower drawer of the closet and divided between himself and another physician Sergei Lvovich's linen—sheets, towels and other things . . . One of the officers pocketed three valuable photographs of Leo Tolstoi. I protested, telling them that these photos were of memorial importance; I named the inventory number and added that I was responsible for them, but he only laughed and took the photographs with him.

Here is an enumeration of the fascist's other crimes:

5. The museum yard was turned into a slaughter house. The carcasses of pigs, cows and other animals killed right there, were hung on the trees and whatever was left of the fences.

6. Despite the fact that there was enough dry wood around the house, the fascists broke every bench, partition and fence to heat stoves and kindle fires. A bookcase from Tolstoi's library, a serving table and many old picture frames were used to heat stoves . . .

7. All carts, sledges, harnesses and other similar articles were destroyed. Of the twelve cows belonging to the museum estate only three were saved by the personnel. All the four horses were driven away and the fodder destroyed" (From act No. I of the Commission of the Academy of Sciences of the USSR).

The following shows what remained left of the hospital and the school, burned down by the fascists:

". . . Having inspected the building of the L. N. Tolstoi school we found it to be in the following state:

1. The fire had destroyed the entire inner part of the building and the roof. Only the walls remain intact . . .

2. The wooden dormitory building burned down completely.

3. The teachers' house was also destroyed by fire, with the exception of the brick walls."

(*From act No. 3 of the Academy of the Sciences of the USSR*).

15. All school workers were driven from the school buildings and given asylum by the collective farmers of the village; the bandits plundered all their remaining belongings. To-day the school and all the buildings belonging to it have been burned.

16. The entire school library with its 18,000 volumes and all of the school equipment (microscope, visual means etc.) were destroyed. The greater part of the library has been used to heat the stoves, to form bonfires around the school building; part of it was stolen.

". . . An examination of the clinic and hospital in the Tolstoi estate established the following destructions:

1. The clinic was burned down to the ground.

2. The hospital has been used as a stable.

3. The dormitory for the medical personnel and the three physicians' houses were completely burned."

(*From act No. 4 of the Commission of the Academy of Sciences of the USSR*).

The Hitler vandals became scared by the indignation of the world at their intentional savage outraging of the memory of the greatest writer and attempted to cover up their tracks in a hurry. They announced that "it was the Soviets themselves which mined the park of the estate and Tolstoi's grave. Many of the inhabitants lost their lives on that mine field, as the mines were covered by snow . . ."

But this is just a clumsy subterfuge of lying bandits who were caught red-handed. While the German invaders held sway in the Yasnaya Polyana region there were victims among the local population, to be sure. On October 29 Pavel Davydovich Orekhov, chairman of the Yasnaya Polyana collective farm, was killed by a fascist

bomb; on November 14th the fascists hanged a Yasnaya Polyana collective farmer, named Nikolai Ivanovich Vlassov and an inhabitant of the near-by village Volkovo, a worker of the Kosogor factory, whose name could not be established. Weren't these men among those who were blown up on "Soviet" mines?

As to the claim that the mine field was covered with snow, it must be said that in October, when the fascists seized and plundered Yasnaya Polyana, there was no trace of snow there. Besides, two days after the occupation of Yasnaya Polyana the Germans used this would-be mined place to bury their soldiers who died in the hospital.

The commission of the Academy of Sciences has also established the following:

"On the 31st of October the Germans began to bury their dead next to Tolstoi's grave. The place, where Tolstoi lies buried is very inconvenient as a cemetery; the grave is in the woods where the many roots of the trees make digging very hard, and it is about a kilometer from the estate. On the road to the grave and around the house there are several open, free spaces. And yet the cemetery for the fascists who had died in the "hospital"—Tolstoi's home—was arranged just there, despite the protests of the museum's personnel, with the obvious aim of outraging the cultural and historical sanctum of the peoples of the Soviet Union and of thinking mankind. There are a total of 75 crosses with fascist swastikas and German inscriptions around Tolstoi's grave.

In burying their soldiers near Tolstoi's grave, the Germans had only one thing in mind: to insult the national feelings of the Russian people and to sully the memory of the great Russian writer. The clumsy invention of the German information bureau of the "russian mines" is nothing but an abortive evasion on the part of cornered criminals.

Thus the German information bureau has again suffered a disgraceful fiasco by its clumsy "denial." It has been firmly established that:

1. In carrying out the orders given by Hitler the cannibal, the German command, when occupying Yasnaya Polyana, intended to destroy everything connected with the name and memory of L. N. Tolstoi, the great classic of Russian and world literature. As soon as the fascists entered Yasnaya Polyana, they began to carry out a previously planned and organized destruction of the museum and estate. During their stay in Yasnaya Polyana they systematically carried out their fiendish plan of destruction. With the official permission of the Hitler command, German officers and soldiers stole the Tolstoi relics, chopped up the furniture, destroyed the museum exhibits and lastly burned down the museum itself.

2. The Hitler scoundrels have outraged the grave of the great writer L. N. Tolstoi, honoured by progressive mankind, and have intentionally insulted the national dignity of the Russian people by mocking the honour and national pride of the Russians.

The material dealing with the monstrous crimes committed by the Germans in Yasnaya Polyana will play a prominent part in the indictment which the cultured world will pronounce against the Hitlerites after the rout of Hitler Germany.

Sovinformbureau

K. E. TSIOLKOVSKY

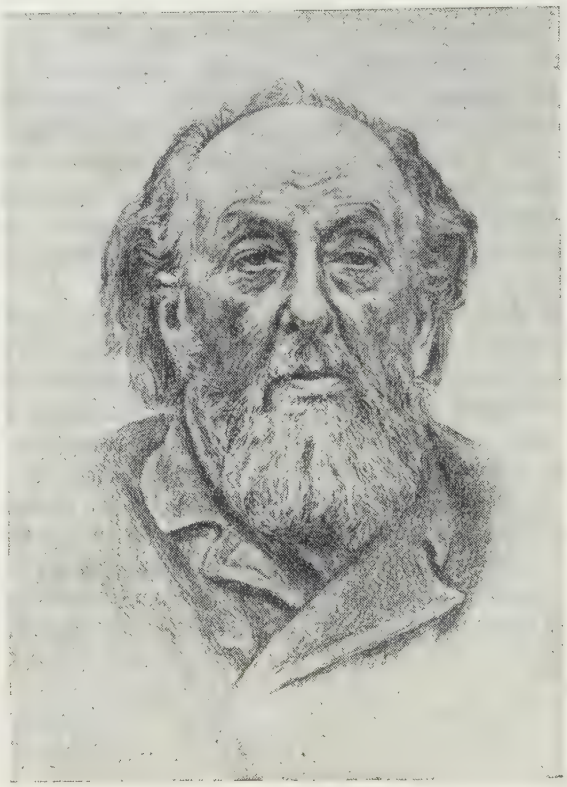
THE name of Tsiolkovsky, remarkable self-educated scientist, inventor and scientific visionary, pioneer of Russian dirigible engineering and father of Russian aerodynamics, is famous throughout the Soviet Union and the entire world.

Konstantin Tsiolkovsky was born in 1857 and died in 1935. Seventy-eight years of a long life, replete in privations, strivings, fantasy and accomplishment.

As a result of an attack of scarlet fever at the age of ten, Tsiolkovsky suffered from partial deafness all his life. This, as well as the straitened circumstances of his family, hampered him from receiving a real school education. It is possible that this handicap had much to do with developing Tsiolkovsky's propensity for concentration and lively fantasy.

From early childhood Tsiolkovsky displayed a strong bent for invention.

Here is what he himself wrote of this inclination:



It was said that the road to the stars lay namely through Kaluga. Kaluga owes this fame to that great man of science K. TSIOLKOVSKY, the theoretician of aeronautics, pioneer of the scientific theory of interstellar navigation

"By the time I was 14—16 years old, I felt particular urgings toward construction work. I fashioned self-propelled buggies and locomotives. They were set in motion by a spiral spring. I extracted metal for this purpose from crinolines which I purchased at market. My interest was also drawn to magic tricks and I rigged up tables and boxes in which objects would momentarily appear and vanish."

Tsiolkovsky read much and avidly, confining his reading to problems which most provoked his interest. The subjects which primarily aroused his curiosity were mathematics and physics. He had no teacher save his books. As he himself stated "I may be considered" a 'pure-blooded' self-educated person."

At the age of twenty-three, Tsiolkovsky passed the examination for teacher of mathematics and in 1881 he took up a post as teacher in the Borovsk Regional School where he remained for ten years. All his leisure time was given

over to experiments and inventions in his favourite field of science.

After having independently covered the course of higher mathematics, Tsiolkovsky brought out his first published works during his years in Borovsk. In 1892 he moved to Kaluga where he carried on his works as teacher in the Regional School and later in the Kaluga Diocesan Girls' School.

Tsiolkovsky kept on with his pedagogical activities up to the year 1920, after which he devoted himself entirely to scientific work. He continued to live in Kaluga and his small gabled house became well known to specialists in the Soviet Union and to many scientists from Europe and America.

More than 100 published works were produced by the scientist during his long career. Previous to the establishment of Soviet power, however, these works were available and known to a narrow circle of people interested in science. Tsiolkovsky possessed a varied and extensive range of interests. He made a study of aerodynamic and astronomy, astro-physics, mathematics and biology. A self-educated genius, lacking a systematic education, Tsiolkovsky produced a coherent, scientifically-grounded, strictly mathematically corroborated system for conquering the atmosphere, stratosphere and transatmospheric inter-planetary space, at the same time devoting much time to the theoretical study of aeronautic problems and questions relating to trans-atmospheric air transport.

The name of Tsiolkovsky was closely bound up with developments in the field of aviation and aeronautics long before the appearance of experimental and scientific works on these subjects in the West.

In 1887 K. E. Tsiolkovsky came out with a public announcement of a metallic navigable balloon and in 1890 published his design of an all-metal dirigible. As is known, the first design of a dirigible constructed of cotton fabric by Graf Zeppelin appeared only in 1895.

Tsiolkovsky acquainted the Russian scientific world with his mathematically grounded theory of the aeroplane in 1890 and five years later published his work on this subject. It was only after this, in 1896, that Langley's tentative attempts at solving this problem were made public while the Wright brothers carried out their first flight in 1903, thirteen years after the appearance of Tsiolkovsky's works.

His extensive scientific studies of aviation and aeronautics deservedly place Tsiolkovsky among the foremost theoreticians in this field of knowledge. He may rightly be called the grandfather of aviation and aeronautics.

The idea of inter-planetary travel also engaged Tsiolkovsky's attention. In 1896 he came out with a scientifically expounded theory of a reactive apparatus for inter-planetary space. A number of his scientific researches in this direction mark him as a pioneer of star navigation and the founder of the theory of reactive motion.

It is very difficult within the limits of so short an article to enumerate all his works and their significance for science.

In his reminiscences entitled "Noteworthy Moments of My life" Tsiolkovsky wrote: "1934. Seventy-seven years old. New ideas for attaining cosmic velocities have come to mind. Work on the flying machine "Hydroplane-wing." At present all my strength is concentrated on the invention of new motors with the aid of which we shall conquer the highest atmospheric spaces." These words were written a year before the scientist's death.

Just a few days before the end, the seventy-eight year old scientist, gravely ill, sent the following telegram to Stalin:

"The leader of the people, Comrade Stalin.

The wisest leader and the friend of all working people, Comrade Stalin.

All my life I dreamed that in some small measure my works would advance humanity. Before the Revolution my dream could not be realized.

It was only the October Revolution that brought recognition to the efforts of a self-educated scientist, only the Soviet power and the Party of Lenin and Stalin that rendered me real assistance. I experienced the love of the masses, and this give me strength to go on with my work even though I was already ill. Now, however,

illness prevents me from concluding the work I have begun.

I turn over all my works in aviation, rocket navigation and inter-planetary communication to the Bolshevik Party and the Soviet power—the true leaders in the progress of human culture. I am confident that they will bring my works to a successful end. Yours in spirit and thoughts, with a last sincere greeting,

K. Tsiolkovsky."

A telegram from Comrade Stalin in reply to that of Tsiolkovsky was received almost immediately.

"The famous scientist, K. E. Tsiolkovsky.

Accept my gratitude for your telegram, replete with confidence in the Bolshevik Party and the Soviet power.

I wish you good health and continued productive work for the weal of the working people.

Hearty greetings.

J. Stalin."

The scientist lived long enough to despatch the following acknowledgement:

"Moscow. Comrade Stalin.

I am touched by your cordial telegram. I feel that I shall not die today. I am sure, I know, that Soviet dirigibles will be the best in the world.

Thank you, Comrade Stalin. My gratitude knows no measure.

K. Tsiolkovsky."

The long life of this great scientist came to an end. His scientific researches are being continued by his followers and pupils.

His home in Kaluga has been transformed into a museum and his memory is cherished throughout the Soviet Union.

"On Commemorating the Memory of K. E. Tsiolkovsky.

Decree of the Central Executive Committee and Council of People's Commissars of the USSR.

In the interests of commemorating the memory of K. E. Tsiolkovsky, famous scientist and outstanding theoretician of aeronautics, the Central Executive Committee and the Council of People's Commissars of the USSR decree:

1. To name the Moscow School of Dirigible Engineering after K. Tsiolkovsky.

2. To erect a bust of Tsiolkovsky on the grounds of the Dirigible Engineering works.

3. To establish two scholarships in honour of Tsiolkovsky in the Moscow School of Dirigible Engineering.

4. To establish an annual prize of 5,000 rubles in the Department of Civil Aviation for the best scientific works in the field of aeronautics.

5. To publish the works of Tsiolkovsky under the auspices of the Department of Civil Aviation.

6. To defray all funeral expanses at the cost of the Government.

7. To grant a life pension of 400 rubles a month to the widow of K. E. Tsiolkovsky."

And now the Nazi barbarians have plundered and destroyed the museum perpetuating the memory of this great scientist.

INTERSTELLAR NAVIGATION

By **K. Tsiolkovsky**

(From lecture delivered at his jubilee)

A STONE thrown up in the air will land on the ground again. We cannot hit a star with it nor throw it into the sky. Even a shell from a large size gun and of proper shape, having an initial velocity of 2 kilometers per second, will rise to an altitude of no more than 200 km. It will reach the limit of the atmosphere and remain far from the moon and other celestial bodies.

Yet calculations have established that any object to which we would be able to communicate a velocity of 11 kilometers (six times the top speed of a shell) per second, would leave our Earth forever. It would overcome its force of gravity and err within the limits of our planetary system until it would strike some body. It may collide with the Earth. It would fall on the Earth, but for the gravitation of the Sun which would hold it about the orbite of the Earth or on the path of the Earth around the Sun.

A speed of 17 kilometers per second would overcome the gravitation of the Sun too. A body thrown with such speed would err among other suns and other planetary systems. It would not leave the Milky Way, however, or our group of suns.

Thus we have established that communicating with the sky, with all the thousands of millions of suns of the Milky Way and with the hundreds of thousands of millions of their planets depends on the initial speed obtained, which has to be from eight to ten times greater than that of our most powerful cannon shells.

The main obstacle in obtaining such velocities is the resistance of the air to the rapid movement of bodies. We do not notice it as long as we walk, but when riding on a bicycle, against the wind, it makes riding difficult. If the speed be increased tenfold, the resistance on the part of the air would increase hundredfold and the necessary work per second—thousand times. When the speed of a body is increased 1000 times, the resistance to it on the part of the stream of air coming against it would increase a million times and the work per second—thousand million times. And this on condition that the body be of a proper streamline form, so that the air in front of it is hardly compressed. Otherwise the movement becomes practically impossible and the work used up in propulsion increases hundreds of times compared to the figures given above.

How can we overcome this obstacle? We could give a very allongated and good form to vehicles moving on the ground. Calculations have shown that it would be useful to increase their cross-dimensions too. Wheels are a hindrance. A special smooth road is necessary. Air is pumped under the train in order to weaken friction to a considerable degree, and the flat-bottomed train will slide on a laver of air. The energy needed for propulsion is good to obtain from the outside, from electric power station, as street cars do.

The movement will be supported not by the ground but by the air, repulsing which the train speeds on (like a plane).

When a speed of 8 kilometers per second is reached the car loses its gravity and presses no more against the track. It thus becomes a flying body.

If the speed is increased still further the train will penetrate the atmosphere and fly out of

it. But a further increase of speed, beyond these eight kilometers per second, is hard to obtain through electric energy, because the connection with the ground and with the wires would be lost. Then we would have to use an energy stored up inside the train, the energy of combustible substances.

Beyond the atmosphere, in the void, no force would have to be spent any more: the car would be in perpetual motion around the Earth, like its little moon.

A further recession from the Earth, that is, the acquisition of greater speed, may be obtained by the pressure of light.

But all these constructions are far too complicated and grandiose. They are not within the power of man to-day, they appear like a dream of the future.

These structures would be much more realizable if it were possible to move on very high altitudes in very rarified air. But no such mountains or elevations exist on Earth. At high altitudes the connection with earthly structures gets lost and it becomes difficult to use auxiliary sources of energy. This energy must then be stored up in the shell itself, as in the case of planes, ships, automobiles etc.

Couldn't airplanes supply the cosmic speed and carry us beyond the atmosphere?

Calculations have shown that flying in a medium where the air is, for instance, 100 times rarer, a plane would acquire a tenfold speed, on condition, however, that its power be at the same mass increased tenfold. With utmost exertion the speed of a plane reaches 200 meters per second. The initial cosmic speed is 40 times greater. Thus, to obtain it the power of the plane must be increased 40 times, and at that it must fly in a medium where the atmosphere is rarified 1600 times.

Such a rare layer is not so high up. It lies below 50 kilometers, and the work spend in reaching it is not considerable. But in addition to increasing the power of the plane 40 times, tremendous energy is necessary to overcome the inertia of the plane, i. e. to obtain the living power of its movement.

All this greatly aggravates even the theoretical solution of the problem. This attempt was made by me in my "Stratoplane."

If it is impossible to obtain the cosmic speed at once, it is possible, however, to approach it gradually, in time, by experimenting and hard work.

Compared to the speed of airplanes, the speed of the stratoplane will be several times greater. In this way, however, we merely approach the conquest of the stratosphere, we shall hardly penetrate beyond it.

At present the best apparatus for this purpose is a reactive shell, similar to a large rocket. It carries liquid oxygen and a liquid fuel, similar to oil. These substances flow into a carburettor where they react and cause a series of explosions. The recoil, like that of a rifle, propels such rocket. But a tremendous quantity of oxygen and fuel is necessary to obtain cosmic speeds. At least from five to ten times larger than the weight of the rocket with its passengers and apparatus. Theoretically this is possible but in practice the weight of the fuel—from economic considerations—usually is less than the weight of the ship or of any other vehicle. Indeed, what is the use of carrying only fuel, which in addition, is consumed in overcoming resistance to motion? On the contrary, we always try to carry as many passengers and useful freight as possible.

A reacting device of the rocket type has many advantages over other means of obtaining cosmic speeds, namely:

1. It is a comparatively cheap and small ship.

2. It carries no oxygen stores, and it therefore needs no compressors and coolers for extremely rarified air.

3. The action of pure oxygen is stronger than that of atmospheric oxygen, which is mixed with 80% of nitrogen.

4. Needing no atmospheric oxygen it can accelerate its speed in the void as well, beyond the atmosphere.

5. A simple construction of the propelling engine, which consists of an ordinary small-power motor which sets in motion two tiny plunger pumps. These pump oil and oxygen into the carburettor, where the two substances

mix rapidly and explode, like the firing of a blank charge. The combustion products pass into a funnel-shaped pipe and from there they escape into the ethereal voide in the shape of gases leaving at a speed of 3—5 meters per second. The pipe and the carburettor are surrounded by oil, and the oil—by cold liquid oxygen. Be it noted that the pumps could be driven by reaction, like a Browning pistol or similar arm, for instance.

This is about all, outside of rudders and some small flat wings.

Of course, there also are different devices such as air filters, all kinds of measuring gauges, auxiliary steering devices etc.

6. The elements which yield an explosion are mixed periodically, but gradually in general. The motion of the rocket may form an incline with the horizon, and the rate of increase of the speed very insignificant—about 10 to 20 meters per second. This would result in a slight relative increase in weight, altogetner about one and half to two times, so that it would not be necessary to introduce any special arrangements to protect the pilot against its action. The shell itself also would not have to be of special strength. All this lightens the weight of the reactive ship.

But its main shortcoming is its heaviness due to the necessity of storing up oxygen. So far there are no ships or vehicles on earth which store up oxygen instead of taking it directly from the air.

It must be admitted that endless difficulties lie in the way of obtaining cosmic speeds and flights beyond the atmosphere. But there is no doubt that this can be attained. All science points to it, it is merely a question of time. This time may be shortened to a great extent when the idea of the necessity of these trans-atmospheric travels and faith in their realizability will gain ground. Then there will be no shortage of means and strength, and success will be obtained much sooner.

NOTEWORTHY MOMENTS OF MY LIFE

I SHALL add a few words about those moments of my life which I consider to be most significant.

1891. Thirty-four years old. Published my first treatise dealing with the resistance of the medium. New conclusions and experiments concerning the influence of the length of the plate on the resistance of the medium.

1892. Thirty-five years old. My first book on the metallic dirigible constructed of undulated metal.

1895. Thirty-eight years old. The first dreams of harnessing solar energy and of life in the ether. My book "Day-dreams about the Earth and the Sky." The journal "Nedelya" ridiculed this volume. A third edition of this study has now been published.

1895. Thirty-eight years old. My treatise "The Aeroplane" sees print in a journal. This work contains data on a complete theory of the aeroplane with calculations and a full description. This material has only now been proved correct.

1903. Forty-six years old. My work "Investigations of Universal Spaces by Reactive Apparatuses" appears in "The Scientific Review." This study of mine contains the first exposition of the rocket theory and proved the possibility of its application for cosmic flights. Scant attention was paid to this research, and as a result my priority to the theory of rockets remained unchallenged, "The Scientific Review" was a little known journal without specialized articles, and for this reason this study attracted practically no attention. When I published a continuation of this research in a widely circulated and highly specialized journal a prominent and authoritative person in France immediately claimed that he had preceded me in propounding the rocket theory.

1913. Fifty-six years old. Publication of my book "The First Model of a Pure Metal Dirigible." From this moment I became almost convinced of the feasibility of my dirigible. The same model traveled with me to Leningrad for the aeronautic congress.

1914. Fifty-seven years old. Publication of my study "The Second Law of Thermodynamics." Herein I presented my criticism of this law and refuted it. I became convinced of the eternal youth of the universe. My mind could no longer conceive of the thermal death of the cosmos. A certain eminent academician refuted this study while it was still in manuscript form and somewhat later specialists of the former Ledentsov Society pronounced it to be a failure. At the present time I have accumulated substantial proofs of my deductions. Moreover I am not alone in refuting this second law (Khvolson's university course in physics).

1916. Fifty-nine years old. My book "Grief and Genius" is published. It contains an exposition of my views on the social structure of human society. In the hue and cry of war this book passed unnoticed and was not held up by the censors.

1919. Sixty-two years old. My studies on "The Kinetic Theory of Light" come not in print. This work presents a further development of my idea of the eternal constancy of the cosmos.

1925. Sixty-eight years old. Publication of my book "The Monism of the Universe." Everything that exists has a unity and a single underlying principle—matter, such is the funda-

mental idea of this work. As in all my studies I strive to bring everything under the heading of a single law—that of old Newtonian mechanics.

1925. Sixty-eight years old. The publication of my study "The Formation of the Solar System." This research has not yet been accepted or verified by scientists. It contains an explanation of the planetary system from the viewpoint of Laplace (reduced and accelerated rotation) and Darwin (tidal action) as well as a treatment of the loss of mass by the sun as a result of radiation.

1932. Seventy-five years old. Publication of booklet "The Semi-reactive Stratoplane." This study presents the most feasible means of conquering the stratosphere.

1934. Seventy-seven years old. The birth of new ideas on the attainment of cosmic velocities. Work on the flying machine "Hydroplane wing."

At present all my efforts are concentrated on the invention of new motors with the aid of which we shall conquer the highest atmospheric spaces.

January. 1935

HITLERITE VANDALS PLUNDER THE TSIOLKOVSKY MUSEUM

By **N. Ilyinsky**

UPON seizing the city of Kaluga on October 12, 1941 the Nazi bandits lost no time in carrying out the direct order of their high command to destroy the home-museum of K. E. Tsiolkovsky. In the evening of this same day a mob of drunken German soldiers appeared on the street and the residents of Kaluga witnessed a savage scene—these bandits broke down the doors of the museum, burst into the rooms and began their unbridled pogrom.

Ryzhichkin, director of the museum, endeavoured to protest against these actions.

"Can you not understand that this is the home of Tsiolkovsky, a world famous scientist? These commemorative objects and exhibits must not be touched. If you are in need of quarters, there are vacant houses next door."

To this one of the officers insolently replied:

"We want this house and we won't leave a stone of it unturned."

The drunken band then flung out the director into the yard. Like crazed beasts, the Germans rushed from room to room of the museum, strik ing right and left with their rifles. The sound of shattered glass, the noise of falling instruments and demolished models crashing to the floor, accompanied by abusive language and drunken shouts emanated from the house for a long time.

In one of the rooms the Germans espied a superb bust of Konstantin Eduardovich. One of the Hitlerite bandits drilled a hole in the head of the bust and thrust in an iron boat-hook. After wreaking havoc upon the museum exhibits and appropriating the microscope which had belonged to Tsiolkovsky, as well as numerous valuable draughts and photographs, the plunderers took their departure.

A view of the museum after these barbarous acts makes one's heart seethe with wrath. The Germans converted the most spacious of the rooms into barracks. It is difficult to believe that human beings and not swine occupied these quarters. Empty bottles are scattered about the room. Flames consumed the aeroplane model constructed by Tsiolkovsky himself, several rockets, many photographs, letters, rare books, calculations and notes made by the great scientist tens of years ago. Display stands and arm chairs were used as fuel by the Germans.

The room which housed the aerodynamic and dirigible sections served the Germans as a storehouse for meat. In one of the corners lie the broken fragments of a dirigible model over which Tsiolkovsky worked for many years; in another, pieces of iron, wood and material—all that remains of the famous aerodynamic tube. Fragments of broken tubes and retorts crunch under foot.

Let us view the second floor of the museum. The study where Tsiolkovsky worked, where his designs of rocket planes and dirigibles took form, was turned into a storeroom for provisions. The marred surface of the work-table is witness to its use as a chopping block for meat by the Germans. The room was also used as a shooting gallery with the scientist's portraits and draughts serving as revolver targets.

A small room in the attic served the Germans as a hen-roost, the floors here being covered with a thick layer of droppings. The Germans cocked

their meals in one of the rooms. Approximately 200 negatives and miscellaneous articles which belonged to the great scentist have disappeared without a trace.

The Nazi plunderers endeavoured to annihilate everything connected with the name of Tsiolkovsky and especially those objects which possessed a commemorative value. The wooden bed on which the great scientist slept, his favourite bookcase served the Germans as kindling wood. Seven garden benches, the walls of the shed and a part of the entry passage were destroyed by fire. When A. A. Ivanova, a seventy-year-old neighbour woman, brought over her last pieces of firewood in an effort to save the museum exhibits from destruction, she was met by a German officer. When he grasped the purpose of her visit, he flung her out on the snow and cruelly beat her.

The Germans had intention of setting fire to the Tsiolkovsky Museum but the Red Army prevented them from carrying out this scheme. Under cover of night our brave troops forced the Oka River and unexpectedly broke into the outskirts of Kaluga. The Germans fled in panic, having no time in their haste to fire the museum.

The Russian people will never forget or forgive the German Vandals and plunderers for their destruction of the Tsiolkovsky Museum.

HATRED OF DREAMS

By **Leo Kassil**

WHEN the echo of the last shot has died away and the rising wind of peace drives the last smoke-clouds from the skies, we shall unroll once more the endless scrooll bearing the list of German Fascism's crimes. And in this record of evil-doing, alongside the devastation of Coventry and Rotterdam, below the vengeance, too hideous for any normal person to even imagine a vengeance, moreover, wreaked on 52,000 peacable citizens in Kiev, and below the mention of the graves of 30,000 guiltless people in Odessa, the 7,000 in Kerch, beneath the lines that tell how the fascists profaned the home and the things which had belonged to Leo Tolstoy at Yasnaya Polyana, and the Tchaikovsky Museum at Klin, we shall find recorded the crime committed by the Germans at Kaluga.

This modeste little Russian town enjoyed a fame of its own. It has been said that mankind's path to the stars lies through Kaluga. The town owes its reputation to the great self-educated scientist Konstantin Eduardovich Tsiolkovsky, who spent here his tragic and secluded life.

He has been called the grand father of air-minded mankind, the patriarch of flying and the pioneer of inter-planetary communication.

Prior to seeking out the starward way for others, Tsiolkovsky had to tread a long hard road here on the earth. His father, a needy and unfortunate forester, an inventor and provincial philosopher, lacked the means to provide a classical education for his little son, Kostya, who had practically lost his hearing at nine years old, after scarlatina. The boy studied physics and mathematics at home, and, while still very young, interested himself in technical discoveries of every possible variety. When he was fourteen, he made an aerostat out of paper and filled it with steam from the samovar. Then he became engrossed in the problem of making an apparatus that would fly by means of whirling wings. Henceforth, invention absorbed him wholly. He contrived to make turners' lathes, and models of flying-machines. And all this at a time when the aeroplane had not yet been invented, nor was there any indication that it would be. The boy constructed a carriage propelled by a little steam turbine. Then he added a wind-motor, and the carriage ran excellently across the roof, even against the wind.

At fifteen it occured to Kostya Tsiolkovsky that he might create a big ballon that could be navigated in a metal envelope. From that time on the dream of a metal aerostat never left him. He plunged into computations and calculations. Simultaneously, he began to think a great deal about the possibility of flight, through the interstellar spaces. At first he supposed that here centrifugal force should be taken advantage of, but soon became convinced that he was on the wrong track. Then he went in very seriously for higher mathematics and by the time he was seventeen he had mastered his subject.

Having gone through a complete school course, he sat for the examinations and became a teacher of mathematics and physics. For forty years he carried on his profession tirelessly, never sparing himself, never grudging his efforts, and trained many a hundred splendid pupils who remembered with gratitude this teacher and dreamer all their lives long. At the same time he went on working, learning, inventing. His

book "The navigated Metal Dirigible" was ten years ahead of the Zeppelin specifications. At that time people were only dreaming of piloted aerostats. And here was a young self-taught Kaluga scientist who, skipping all the primitive forms of aeronautics, produced at once one plane and specifications for a piloted aerostat made entirely of metal.

It was the same with the aeroplane he invented. The works of Santos-Dumont and Ader had not appeared as yet, the Wright Brother's model had not been constructed, but eight years before the first aeroplane-flight Tsiolkovsky had worked out the theory, and the designs for an aeroplane. This fact is the more striking when we find that only today, after more than twenty years of practical aviation the aeroplane could assume the forms in which Tsiolkovsky envisioned it at once. About the same time he worked out the theory of a stratoplane, a very swift-flying machine for the upper strata of the atmosphere.

In old Russia of the tzarist regime, the solitary self-educated scientist found no support and could not apply his theories and brilliant discoveries. The credit for his inventions was taken by others as time went on. Nevertheless he was the undisputed pioneer in opening the universe to mankind. We were "bound to earth" and the force of recoil was to release us from our thraldom—such was Tsiolkovsky's main idea. And for the first time in history he suggested a rocket-airship for flight through space. Painstakingly, down to the very last detail, he worked out his tremendous discovery, the rocket should require no external support, it should move independently of its environment, and fly in airless spaces as easily as in the atmosphere. Passengers in the rocket would be in no danger from the deadly current that reduced all living things to ashes in the flight of the trans-cosmic cannon-ball fired from a gun that we read of in Jules Verne's story. The rocket-ship of the universe, independent of external support, could visit the moon or any other distant planet and return of its own free will to its native earth. Thus did Tsiolkovsky open the way to the stars for mankind.

The Kaluga scientist's discovery brought him fame all over the world. Aeronauts and experts on "reactive" rocket movement acknowledged him as their teacher and guide. "You have lit the light for us and we shall work till the greatest dream of mankind has been realized," one of the foremost scientists in this field wrote to Kaluga.

It was not until after the October Revolution that Tsiolkovsky's inventions and discoveries became the care, the pride and possesion of the state. Circles were formed for research-work on the reactive motor; the Soviet government granted funds for the construction of models and the conduct of experiments. Full recognition came to the retiring Kaluga scholar at last, and with it the means and opportunities for continuing his splendid work. Scores of his talented young followers set to work on the realization of his ideas in a special institute of Reactive Movement. So the town on the River Oka became the centre for the world's aeronauts, dirigible-builders, stratonauts and future explorers of the starry heights. In 1932 Tsiolkovsky's seventy-fifth birthday was made the occasion of celebration by his native country; the celebrations were held both in Moscow and Kaluga.

I went to Kaluga to convey to him congratulations and birthday greetings from the Muscovites. And in the little house (the kind you generally see in the country), what was on Korovin Street, now re-named Bruto Prospect, I spent some unforgettable hours. The quiet street sloped down to the Oka; Number 81 was at the very end, over the river. Here, in a little upstairs room crowded with books, plans, drawings and queer-looking hand-made models, Tsiolkovsky sought and found the realization of one of the noblest of the dreams of mankind.

He invited me up to his own room, a white-washed attic. He ran lightly up the steep staircase; he was cordial, welcoming, gently considerate and attentive. The large childlike eyes that still kept their habit of curious mild scrutiny, looked his guest over. He put up to his ear a huge trumpet like a funnel with a long narrow neck, a species of sound telescope that the scientist, who had been almost stone-deaf from childhood, had constructed for himself.

With the wonderful simplicity that is insepa-

rable from true conviction he spoke of flying to the stars. There was nothing fantastic about his talk—but figures, formulas and laws all the time.

"Generally speaking I never have tried to draw mankind away from the earth," he said angrily. "We can see that there's plenty of room yet for improvement here on earth. But if we are to seek another dwelling-place in future it should be the asteroids. Or on the interplanetary stations flung into cosmic space with the aid of rockets. There will be no need up there to waste strength on a struggle with aggression. And you can arrange to have any climate you fancy. Solar energy will be used on a scale no one has ever dreamed of before; it will take the place of blast furnaces and motors. And supplies can be sent by rocket-mail from the earth, we can moor an asteroid and start cultivating it and working it. There must be any amount of metal in them."

That day meetings and talks on Tsiolkovsky were held in the industries, offices and schools of Kaluga. At one of the works, brigades had been called after him. Schoolchildren organized study-circles for technical subjects, promised Tsiolkovsky that they would try their hardest to get on at school and help the work of the Society for the Defence of the Soviet Union and the Development of its Aviation and Chemical Industries. Railwaymen promised to do their best to improve communication on the earth for the time being. Collective-farmers took up the study of technical subjects and astronomy. Red Army men congratulated the old scientist and assured him that they were going to study with renewed energy those military technical subjects where Tsiolkovsky's discovery was of particular use.

The Kaluga people did honour to their fellow-citizen and stellar-navigator in the local railway-club, which was crowded with workers, collective-farmers, guests from Moscow and scientists. The curtain rolled up like an aerostat. The whole audience rose and applauded delightedly, affectionately. Tsiolkovsky, who was sitting in a big armchair at the table in front of the stage, rose and came down to the foot-lights. He took off his old-fashioned bowler hat and fanned himself with it, as he made a short speech, a wonderfully sincere simple speech. He spoke of our country, and the attention paid him by the people. He spoke of Stalin and Lenin, and of the daring conceptions that are born in the mind of man, of the way in which the noblest dreams of mankind are brought to fruition here.

It was very late when we left the club, and we looked up at the stars. "A grand old man," someone's voice said in the darkness. "Perhaps after all we shall achieve what he told us about . . ."

The young Communists of Kaluga, as they went homewards through the night streets, looked up at the moon and talked of erecting a monument to Tsiolkovsky some day in a moon-crater.

He died three years later. Up to the last few days of his life he worked, wrote dozens of letters, and rode his bicycle. When illness laid him low, and he knew that he would not recover, and that the next day would bring his death, he left a very moving document, the bequest of an old scholar who had dreamed of flying to the stars; it was his farewell letter to Stalin: "with his last sincere greetings" the dying scholar bequeathed to Stalin, the people and his country all his works—the sum-total of a long hard life.

* * *

Then, on October 12th, 1941, the Hitlerites burst into Kaluga and hardly had they entered the town before a German officer demanded to know where the Tsiolkovsky Museum was situated. It was obvious that they were acting on some special instructions of the high command. That evening the devastation commenced. A crowd of drunken German soldiers appeared in Tsiolkovsky street, broke down the door of the museum and burst into the house that every person of culture regarded it as his duty and privilege to visit if his travels took him to Kaluga.

The director of the museum attempted to remostrate with the scoundrels.

"You don't understand—this is the house where the world-famous Tsiolkovsky lived. These are relics, exhibits, that you see here."

One of the officers pushed him roughly away, saying:

"Clear out of here. We need this house and we don't give two straws for your scientist. We

won't leave one stone standing on another it we think fit."

The drunken fascists glared at the beautiful models of goffered steel, at the things they could not understand—the prototypes of future interstellar airships—all things that had been made by the hands of the scientist himself. What could these earth-bound uninspired people with the spidery badges on their sleeves understand of all this? What, besides blind, brutish hatred could they feel for those books, and designs and things that uplifted men to the stars? So the unbridled representatives of that dark inhuman force which is striving to drag humanity back to the caveman state, to destroy all the noblest dreams of men, came to reign in the little house where the navigator of the starry spaces had lived. They wielded their rifles with a will and set to work to destroy the exhibits. The horrified neighbours heard the ring of broken glass, the crash of the broken models and instruments. For long the drunken bawling and invective did not die down in the house. In one of the rooms the fascists came upon a fine bust of Tsiolkovsky: a German swung an iron crowbar and knocked the head off at a blow. They burned the aeroplane models, those the hands of the master himself had made, destroyed letters, rare books, stufted the contents of the glass cases into the stove and broke up his armchair for fuel. The retorts, the aerodynamic instruments, were all destroyed with characteristic German thoroughness. They chopped meat on his desk, made a target of Tsiolkovsky's portrait for revolver-practice. Everything was defiled and ruined.

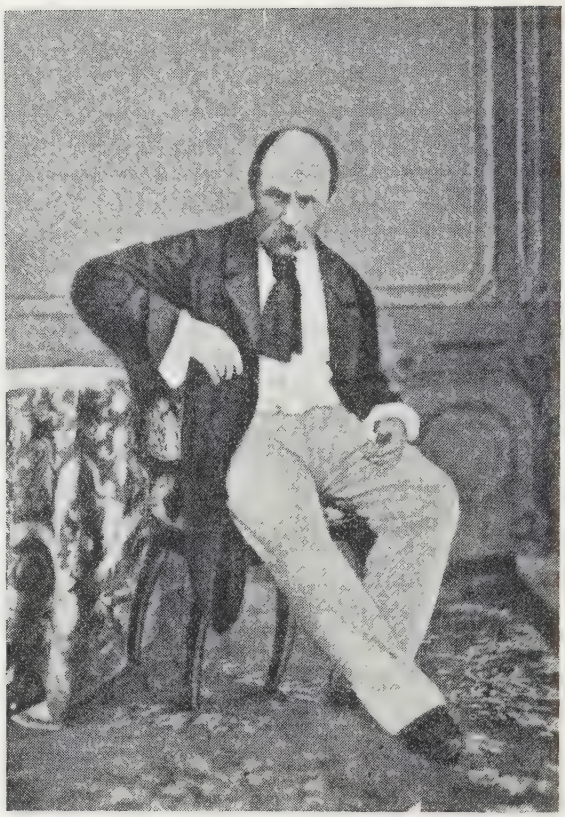
It may be thought, perhaps, that the fascists were obliged to burn a scientist's thing in the stove in order to warm their living quarters? No. Fuel was offered them. Tsiolkovsky's neighbour, an old woman of seventy, brought them her last bundle of faggots, and implored them to spare his things, his bed, his favourite bookcase. The German officer threw the old woman out in the snow and beat her unmercifully.

So they would have burned the house to ashes, had it not been for the unexpected thrust of the Red Army that drove the scoundrels out of Kaluga before they had time to utterly destroy the museum.

They ran before they could cover the traces of their ill-doing, their profanation of the dwelling of a great scholar. Perhaps they did not even try to hide their crime. For the havoc that was wrought here was in perfect keeping with the brazen declarations of Hitler and his boon-companions in crime.

They want to kill the finest of men's dreams, to rob us of the future. In their dull brutishness they consign to the flames all that beckons mankind onward, for they fear the dreams of mankind. The freedom and audacity of human thought fills them with loathing and dread. But no horrors, no murder—vast though the scale of it may be—can daunt a great people who have risen in defence of their liberty, honour, future.

We will not give up a single one of our dreams. And, though the museums preserved as a memorial to men like Leo Tolstoy, Tchaikovsky and Tsiolkovsky, may have suffered from the depredations of the fascists, the names of the great will always be held sacred by the Russian people, by all civilized mankind. The pages of "War and Peace" will survive and never be allowed to die, the strains of Tchaikovsky's symphonies will never be hushed, and humanity uplifted on wings by the discoveries and inventions of the scholar of Kaluga, will pronounce with love and reverence the name of Tsiolkovsky.



"Our Soul dies not and neither does Freedom die"
(T. Shevchenko)

TARAS SHEVCHENKO

By **K. Paustovsky**

IN DAYS gone by one could often meet in the Ukrainian fields shy little barefoot shepherd lads clad in homespun shirts and trousers and carrying knapsacks on their backs. The knapsacks were meant to hold a chunk of bread and a slice of fat, but usually they held nothing but a crust of dry bread and a jagged knife with which to carve whistles and shepherd's pipes out of reeds. Sometimes, dry beetles, broken horseshoes and bits of flint could be found in them, in a word, all the simple supply of shepherds' toys for the wonderful games, incomprehensible to adults, in which imagination plays the main part.

In his childhood Taras Shevchenko was just such a shepherd lad with an old knapsack slung on a rope over his shoulder.

His childhood was no different from that of hundreds of other shy little shepherd boys deep in their own dreams.

Taras was born in 1814 to the family of Grigory Shevchenko, a peasant serf in the village of Morintsy, Zvenigorod district, Kiev Gubernia.

His family belonged to a landlord by the name of Engelhardt, who, according to his most impartial contemporaries, was a "pompous and contemptible beast." Unfortunately, this nonentity had an iron hand, which Shevchenko recalled with hatred till the end of his days.

His mother died when Taras was eight years old. His father, after moving to the village of Kirillovka married a widow who had several children. The life of a motherless child filled with sorrow and unshed tears began for Taras. Already at this early age he began to take an interest in art: painting began to dominate his thoughts. He sewed together a few sheets of paper and drew in this notebook ornaments and flowers.

Soon afterwards Engelhardt moved to the capital, St. Petersburg, taking Taras, among his other servants, with him.

Here he sent Taras to study at an "interior decorator's," Shiryayev by name, who had a house-painting and plate glass establishment.

In the evening, on his way home to Shiryayev's attic Taras would stroll into the Summer Gardens where he would make drawings on the marble statues placed there as far back as the time of Queen Elizabeth.

On one such evening, Soshenko, a teacher at the Academy of Arts, while passing through the Gardens, saw a boy sitting on an overturned painter's pail in front of a statue of Saturn. Soshenko approached the boy, who turned to look at the newcomer, at the same time hastily tucking something into his blouse.

"What are you doing here?" asked Soshenko.

"Oh, nothing," answered the boy with embarrassement. "I'm not doing anything. . . . I simply went into the park on my way home from work."

Soshenko was silent.

"I am drawing," whispered the boy blushing.

"Let me take a look," said Soshenko.

The boy showed his crumpled sketch of Saturn's statue to the artist. The sketch was good.

Soshenko gave the boy his address and insisted that the latter visit him on the coming Sunday and bring his drawings along.

This meeting served as the turning point in Shevchenko's life. Soshenko had been the first to discover this "diamond in a peasant's coat," as he used to call Shevchenko later.

The very next Sunday, Taras came to visit Soshenko. From that day on he spent all his spare time in Soshenko's studio. Here he met Karl Brullow who was than a shining light in St. Petersburg artistic circles.

Brullow told the poet Zhukovsky and the musician Vilyegorsky about the talented Ukrainian youth and the three of them decided to buy Taras out of serfdom. A terrible bargaining with Engelhardt began for Taras' freedom.

His days were filled with anguish. His thoughts wandered, and despair penetrated his heart like cold steel. Taras was unable to stand the strain and developed a violent fever.

Soshenko came to visit him at the nospital where he was lying. Taras sat up on his bed and asked:

"Is it true?"

"Is what true, Taras?" asked Soshenko.

"Is it true that you. . . . that I am . . ." stammered Taras, and fell silent. He was afraid to utter the last word, the unbelievable word "free."

"It is true, Taras," said Soshenko.

Shevchenko threw himself face downward on the thin straw matress and began to sob. Soshenko took the "certificate of emancipation" out of his pocket ant handed it to Shevchenko. The latter read it over and over again, kissed it and hid it under his pillow.

* * *

The next few years during which he studied at the Academy of Arts were the happiest in all his life.

For the first time Taras heard Beethoven, Hayden, and Mozart. He loved music. It always reminded him of his beloved Ukraine. Once again his melodious Ukraine would arise before him when he listened to this diverse, beautiful music. Shevchenko longed to see his land. The sharp waves of nostalgia that swept over him began to acquire the nature of an illness, and at such moments he would scribble Ukrainian poems on scraps of paper. Within him poetry fought against his infatuation for painting. Already at that time poetry became his "strange and irrepressible vocation." It was then that he wrote his famous "Thoughts."

At that time Shevchenko was painting the portrait of a Poltava landlord named Martos, who came to sit for him in his rooms. Once Martos noticed a scrap of scribbled paper on the floor. He picked it up and found that it contained

Ukrainian verses which amazed Martos by their lucid language, their melodiousness and the anxiety and grief for the fate of the Ukraine. It was an excerpt from the poem "Taras' Night."

"What is this?" asked Martos. "Who wrote it?"

"I did," answered Shevchenko reluctantly. "It was simply trifling . . . When my heart grows heavy I begin to scribble. I have many of these."

Shevchenko pulled out a basket from under his bed. It was crammed with torn, crumpled up bits of paper scrawled over with large, irregular handwriting.

"Here are all my treasures," he said. "The devil himself would break his leg here."

Martos began to decipher the manuscripts, while Shevchenko looked on in bewilderment. The manuscripts were in such disorder that Martos could make neither head nor tail of them. Taking them with him he left.

But he did not go straight home. He went to see the Ukrainian writer Grebenko. Together they sorted out the manuscripts and read them, and both fell silent. They had been shaken to the very depths of their hearts, for they were the first to discover a great national poet whose art was so integrally bound up with the people's sufferings and aspirations that it was difficult to realize they had been written by one person and not composed by the whole people in the course of its many years of wandering along the roads, through the holiday fairs and the fields of the Ukraine.

Martos had much difficulty in obtaining Shevchenko's permission to have his poems published as a separate book. But finally the book came out under the title of "Kobzar," in February 1840. Shortly afterwards another two excellent poems, "Katerina" and "Haydamaks," appeared in two separate volumes.

The whole of St. Petersburg buzzed with talk of the new "muzhik" poet. The appearance of "Kobzar" created a profound impression in the Ukraine. People committed it to memory, cried over it and treasured the book in their trunks as the most valuable rarity. It seemed miraculous that the free voice of a former Ukrainian serf should ring out from St. Petersburg, far in the North, and that this voice should resound throughout the country like the cry of the poor, like a call for their emancipation from slavery.

* * *

Shevchenko longed for his native land, for the familiar houses, for his Ukrainian steppes and his beloved Dnieper. It is while he was on his way home across the majestic and beautiful Dnieper that he was seized by the police and arrested. This was on April 5, 1847, and from then on the police constantly persecuted the great tribune of the Ukrainian people. But the long years of exile and wandering, when he was forbidden to write or draw, did not break the will of the young poet.

Tzar Nicholas wrote the following words on the verdict sentencing Shevchenko to exile: "To be kept under strictest surveillance, without the right to write or draw." This amazed even the gendarmes themselves. It was tantamount to death for Shevchenko. The artist's hands had been tied, the poet had been gagged and thrown into a life of exile in a small, out-of-the way garrison. He was persecuted for absolutely everything—his poetry, drawings, thoughts, appearance in civilian clothing while in military service. But this terrible life steeled him and engendered in him a burning hatred for the regime of slavery. He awaited the coming of truth and thought only of truth. He longed to see the "sun of truth at least in his dreams." The tzarist government feared this clear-sighted man. His bond with the people and his poems permeated with the dreams of the Ukrainian people frightened the autocracy. In 1857, two years after the death of Nicholas, Shevchenko was set at liberty through the mediation of his St. Petersburg friends.

Shevchenko again returned to St. Petersburg. From morning till late at night his room was filled with friends. They dragged him to the theater, to the circus, to the Hermitage, to various art exhibitions; he was invited to banquets and merry parties with friends. This life of unrestrained revelry, dazed and fatigued Shevchenko. At times he would hide from his friends and wander through the city alone, revisiting familiar places and recalling his youth.

His exile had come to an end. He was in St. Petersburg. His freedom seemed unlimited. But he had arrived at his desired goal physically broken. On his way back, on the Volga, in Nizhny, in Moscow he had still borne up. Only in St. Petersburg did he realize what his exile and the barracks had done to him. The doctors found his constitution to be "prematurely and permanently undermined."

His physical weakness particularly irritated Shevchenko at this time. In St. Petersburg he met and became friendly with the great representative of revolutionary Russian democracy, Chernyshevsky. Shevchenko entered the circle of the most advanced and progressive people of that time who had gathered around the journal "Sovremennik." With his entire being, with all his thoughts Shevchenko was in one with these people.

But old age was approaching, and with it the desire to visit his native land, his Ukraine, to live in a clean, little peasant hut, to read, write poems and etch beautiful engravings.

Shevchenko yearned for his Ukraine, he also wanted to republish his "Kobzar," but the authorities would not permit him either of these things.

Nevertheless, with great difficulty, permission to visit his native land was obtained for him. In the summer of 1859 Shevchenko returned to his native village of Kirillovka, where his brother and sister lived.

His sister could not recognize her brother Taras in this harrowed, old, heavily breathing man. It was torture for Taras to live in Kirillovka. He was the only "free soul" among his entire family of serfs.

Taking seriously ill, Shevchenko had to return to St. Petersburg. Sleet was falling over the city. In the midst of this sleet, the cold of the Neva ice, among the sleeping stone piles, in a stuffy room heavy with the smell of acids and medicines, in a room cut off from the world by the nocturnal darkness, sat and suffocated the lonely old man swollen with dropsy, bemoaning his ruined life; an old man who was hardly forty-six years of age.

On the morning of January 26, 1860, Shevchenko called the old soldier who took care of him, ordered him to tidy up the room and went to his studio. In the doorway he stopped, uttered a short cry and fell heavily on the threshold.

A few hours later, he lay on the table in his room, calm and majestic, covered with a white sheet. Tapering candles spluttered at his head, lighting up the suffering face of the exiled soldier and great people's bard.

On that day the whole of the Ukraine was plunged in grief and mourning, the sun itself seeming to shed no light on his beloved land.

Among the numerous other acts of Vandalism and desecration committed by the Germans against cultural monuments of the peoples of the USSR, mention must be made of the destruction by the occupants of the monument of the great Ukrainian poet Taras Shevchenko erected in the town of Kanev in the Ukraine.

THE UKRAINIAN PEOPLE'S GREAT POET

Address by Academician **A. Bogomoletz** at the Shevchenko Session of the Ukrainian SSR Academy of Sciences

EVERY year, on the ninth and tenth of March, the Ukrainian people observe the anniversaries of the birth and death of the great Ukrainian poet, Taras Shevchenko.

All the cultured peoples contribute to the common treasury of world civilization. The fascist barbarians are an exception. They alone fight against the fraternal co-operation of science and art without which mankind would long ago have relapsed into the savage state. Shevchenko's poetry is the Ukrainian people's most valuable contribution to world literature.

True democratic feeling is dominant in the creative work of the genius of the Ukrainian language. Essentially the people's poet, the revolutionary democrat Shevchenko embodied in his personal life and writings the most cherished emotions and thoughts of his people; their wrath and hatred for tzarist serfdom; their sense of justice and right; their striving for liberty.

His best beloved heroes are the children of the unfortunate people, and the victims of the system of feudal serfdom prevailing at that gloomy period.

A serf, and the son of a serf, Shevchenko abhorred serfdom with all the strength of a lofty soul; with all the power of his rare artistic gifts he summoned his own people to struggle against the oppressors.

The poet imbued the Ukrainian people with the awareness of their unity; taught them to love freedom more than life itself, and to hate their oppressors with a relentless hatred. In this lies the power dreaded by the tzar and landowners during the poet's lifetime,—a power that gained force with the growth and development of the Ukrainian people.

Obscurantists and reactionaries, seeking by every means to undermine Shevchenko's widespread influence, actually resorted to falsifying and counterfeiting his works, whenever his manuscripts fell into their hands. They even attempted the falsification and distortion of the poet's personality, and outlook.

Yet the brightness of this noble figure remained undimmed and undefiled. The poet of the brotherhood of nations, the brotherhood of democracies, Shevchenko, loved and respected the democratic masses of the Russian, Jewish, and other peoples.

Deeply and essentially national, but not nationalistic, the poet found in his boundless love for the Ukrainian people, an inexhaustible wellspring of love for all the peoples oppressed by the tzarist autocracy. A burning hatred of tzarism permeates the poem called "The Caucasus", narrating the struggle of the Caucasian peoples for liberty.

"Here left their bones
Drilled men in plenty.
Of tears and blood
All emperors could drink their fill."

Shevchenko, who rushed into a blazing hovel to rescue a Jewish child; Shevchenko, close friend of the great Russian democrat, Chernyshevsky, whose ideas he shared, could not be, and never was nationalistic or chauvinistic. He devoted his life to the struggle against the tzarist autocracy that oppressed all the peoples of multinational Russia.

Profound sympathy linked him with the Russian people. His popular hero, and old Dniepr Cossack, whom misfortunes cannot dishearten, fights with the Great Peter against the traitor Mazeppa.

The revolting treachery of the Hetman Mazeppa is branded for ever by Shevchenko, who could never tolerate traitors.

He places the renowned Bogdan Khmelnitzky among the just and upright hetmans who expressed the desire of the Ukrainian people for a Union with the Great kindred people, the Russians.

The poet reveals how deeply he was moved by the idea of unity with the Slavic peoples, some of whom were enslaved by the Germans. "The insidious serpent of internecine war" he calls the efforts of the Germans to disunite the Slav family and upstir strife among them.

A violent hatred for Shevchenko was exhibited by the German fascists who have defiled the Great poet's grave, revered and held sacred by the Ukrainian people.

In the hour of trial, when the Russians are fighting in defence of their country, millions of Ukrainians have risen in defence of the Soviet Ukraine, in defence of the Great Union of the fraternal Soviet Socialist Republics.

The hour of victory is already nigh. The hour is approching, when the songs of Ukraine's Great poet will again ring out over the Ukrainian fields, freed from the foe. The hour is approaching, when peaceful, happy life will be restored to the free family of the peoples',—the poet's dream of nearly a century ago in Pereyaslavl, where Shevchenko wrote:

"In the midst of that great kindred,
That family, new and free,
Utter words gentle and kind,
When you remember me."

"It seems to me that I really do possess a gift for truthfully, simply and sincerely expressing in music the feelings, emotions and images suggested by the text. And in this respect I am a realist and a real Russian."

P. I. Tchaikovsky

P. I. TCHAIKOVSKY

By **Konstantin Pavlov**

THE name of Petr Tchaikovsky is indissolubly bound up with Russian culture.

A man of advanced thought, he grasped all the manifold aspects of contemporary Russian life, at the same time frequently reverting to the past of his native country . . . "I am a realist and a real Russian," he wrote. Tchaikovsky's ardent patriotism drew him on, as well all as the best of the Russians along the lines of serious criticism of the negative aspects of Russian life.

It was not, however, only a critical attitude to his environment that furnished food for Tchaikovsky's profoundly creative thought. The music of his symphonies and operas, songs and chamber music is inspired by the positive forces of his faith in the people, and a passionate humanism. The great composer had deep insight into the emotions of men and it is that which makes his music through all its versatility throb with inimitable sincerity and exquisite warmth.

His art is often permeated with melancholy, and at times, in tragic episodes, it merges into despair. But it is penetrated with love of life, a mighty flood of feeling and at times it soars to exaltation. That is why Tchaikovsky's music gives straight to men's hearts and in this lies the secret of its extraordinary popularity all over the world.

Tchaikovsky was born on May 7th 1840, and

Table at which Tchaikovsky wrote his Sixth Symphony. Klin

Tchaikovsky Dwellinghouse-Museum in Klin

the first years of his life were spent at Votkinsk, in the Urals, where his father was director of a factory. The stern and majestic scenery and especially the beauty of the folk-songs were the first impressions acting on the child's receptive imagination. At the age of five, he learnt to play the piano. He grew to love Mozart for whom he preserved a feeling of reverence throughout his whole life and whom he looked up to as his ideal of an artist and a man. The little musician was reared in an atmosphere of the tender affection that reigned in the family.

In complete contrast to his home surroundings was the Petersburg school of Law where Tchaikovsky studied for nine years. In the school there dominated the soldiery spirit introduced by Nicolas I, and the morals prevailing in the place were truly loathsome. Torn from his mother and home, surrounded by coarse people, the boy underwent a painful mental revulsion, but in the end his strong personality came out of the ordeal victorious. He continued his piano lessons and by the time he left school he had gained quite a name for himself in Petersburg drawing-rooms as an accomplished pianist and amateur composer.

Meanwhile Tchaikovsky held a post under the ministry of Justice. But an official's career not being in accordance with his tastes, he gave up his post. In 1862 Tchaikovsky entered the musical school then newly opened at Petersburg, and became a pupil of the composer and great pianist—Anton Rubinstein. The young Tchaikovsky gives himself up heart and soul to his studies, and in three years completed the course of study. He then removes to Moscow where his career as teacher in the Moscow Conservatory begins. A number of fine compositions come from his pen in those years, among them being: "Vakula, the Smith" ("Tcherevichki"); the ouverture "Romeo and Juliet," the two symphonic fantasias—"the Temp-

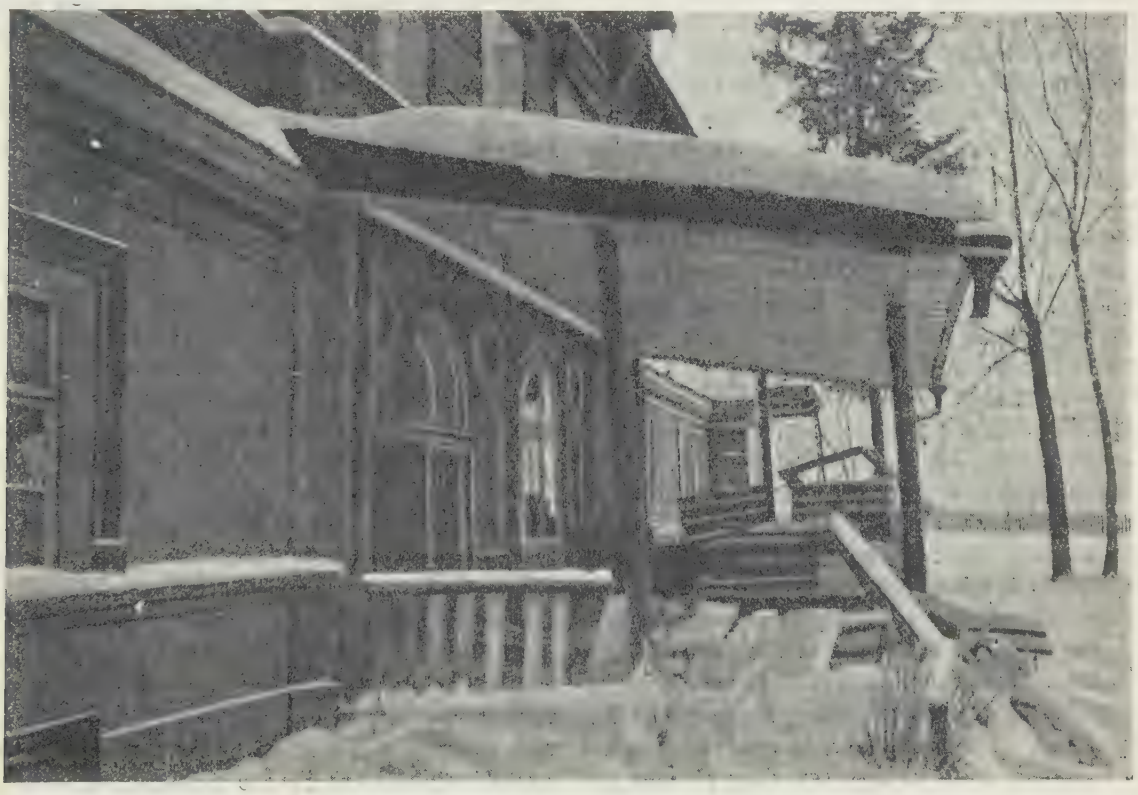
est" and "Francesca da Rimini," besides many songs and pieces for the pianoforte.

A tumultuous energy and the temperament of a fighter impel him to journalism, and in his articles he berates the ignorance and tastelessness of high society and of jobbery in art, while warmly defending the interests of Russian music.

The fatigue from teaching work, incessant pecuniary troubles and a deep personal tragedy made his residence in Moscow very painful. His relatives took him away to Switzerland. Thanks to the support of N. F. von Mekk, a well known rich woman, the composer was enabled to give himself up entirely to his music, and he proceeded with unslackened energy to create some marvellous compositions. In 1878 Tchaikovsky completed the opera of "Eugene Oniegin"—then follow the operas "The Maid of Orleans," "Mazeppa," "The Enchantress," ("Tcharodeika"), "Queen of Spades," "Iolanthe," the symphony of Manfred (after Byron)—some other symphonies that have gained world renown, and many other works. The opera of "Eugene Oniegin" spread his fame throughout Russia, world fame became his. His tours to western Europe and America were unmixed triumphs.

The strain brought on by intensive work and the frequent journeys, caused Tchaikovsky to seek for a quiet haven of rest. He settled down in Klin. The house where he lived and where he wrote his superb Sixth Symphony became in time a world-renowned museum. In the grim autumn days of 1941 this museum like many other outstanding monuments of Russian culture was pillaged, defiled, and partly destroyed by the German fascist invaders.

Tchaikovsky worked on indefatiguably until the very last days of his life. His death coming on unexpectedly at Petersburg (on October 25th 1893), soon after the first performance of the Sixth Symphony conducted by himself, produced an overwhelming effect on the advanced sections of Russian society.



Porch of the Tchaikovsky Dwellinghouse-Museum as left by the hitlerites upon their retreat

The distinguishing feature of Tchaikovsky art is its versatility and the lofty musical quality of his work. He was enriched Russian music with genres which had either not been represented by his predecessors, or had existed in undeveloped forms. He is the first among Russian composers to have mastered the elaborate form of the symphony and fascinated large circles of audiences by his admirable orchestral productions, at a time when western symphonism had entered on a period of protracted crisis. He literally created afresh the Russian ballet and the quartette. Tchaikovsky was not the creator of Russian music; it had already reached summits of perfection in the works of Glinka, Dargomyjhski and other composers who preceded him. But he represented it in all wealth and variety,—from the folk song to musical tragedy, from small pianoforte pieces to majestic symphony.

In considering the vast heritage bequeathed by Tchaikovsky, one marvels not only at the might of his constructive genius, but also at the composer's assiduity and capacity for work. He would accomplish the most difficult of tasks in the shortest possible time. For example the studies for the "Queen of Spades" were written in forty-four days, and five days sufficed for the elaborate first part of the Sixth Symphony. Such rapidity was the outcome of painstaking work, an iron will, deliberate daily practice and rigorous discipline of thought. "One cannot, Tchaikovsky used to say, wait for inspiration,—and, besides, inspiration alone is not sufficient. It is work that is needed over and above all. Work, work, and work.

Remember, that even a man marked with the stamp of genius, will never produce anything that is even mediocre,—to say nothing of great, unless he labours inhumanly. The more is given to a man, the more work he must take."

No success; however great, could silence in Tchaikovsky's mind the voice of self-criticism. He was himself the most rigorous judge of his own compositions. Vast as was the range of his outlook, he was a professional through and through, a great master of artistic labour. He despised the complacency of the amateur, the mental inertia that will deck itself in high sounding phrases inspiration. On the other hand, the great composer was responsive in his sympathies with talent in all its manifestations and frequently gave his support, both moral and material to gifted young musicians. Busy as he was, he found time to answer hundreds of letters, showing rare impartiality and enthusiasm in his appreciation of men and their works.

Tchaikovsky was a man of broad and comprehensive outlook. He was a great reader of belles lettres, and of history, especially Russian. He studied philosophy and generally evinced deep interest in many fields of culture. He may well be considered as one of the best-educated of Russian artists.

As a composer intrinsically Russian, Tchaikovsky turned to the deep fountain of the folk music of his country. In his works the melodies of the different nationalities of the Soviet Union are lavishly represented. Ukrainian songs and tunes, Georgian folk dances . . . And with it all, we also find in his compositions the songs of the Western European nationalities; the Florentine, and the old French song; the Neapolitan dance; the German waltz; all these melodies sung in their homelands, which he had listened to with delight during his frequent journeys through Europe, entered as an organic part into Tchaikovsky's ballets, operas and songs.

The ties binding up Tchaikovsky with world culture penetrated yet further. As has already been said, his compositions reflect such genres of West-European music as were either entirely absent in the old musical culture of Russia or were not represented to any degree of fullness. If we consider this "grafting" onto Russian soil of the progressive elements of West-European music, it will appear that Tchaikovsky's art is a kind of balance, a consummation of the world music of several decades of the XIXth century. So, for instance, the development of XIXth century European symphonic music found its perfectioning on in Tchaikovsky's loveliest symphonies and ouvertures, while his music for the piano is one of the outstanding musical phenomena of the times. Even the operas, based mainly in Russian themes mirror the modern achievements of the operatic music of France (Meyerbeer, Gounod, Bizet),—Germany (Wagner), Italy (Verdi). They

are by no means merely borrowings. One of the exquisite traits of Tchaikovsky's music is the organic synthesis of many, even diverse elements, imbibed by the composer from other cultures which in no wise detracts from their originality. Such are the far-reaching international links underlying the universal recognition attained by Tchaikovsky.

The music of the illustrious Russian composer, absorbed the multiform constructive experience of several generations of Russian and West-European composers, and the musical folk culture of many lands. It is not in this only, however, that lies its greatest value. A few words should be said of the relation existing between Tchaikovsky's art and world literature and dramas.

It is the Russian themes, of course that predominate in Tchaikovsky creations. Take for instance Pushkin, from whom the composer borrowed the plots for the operas of "Eugene Oniegin," "Mazeppa," "Queen of Spades;" or Gogol's enchanting story forming the groundwork of "Tcherevichki," or "The Snow Maiden"— Ostrovsky's fairy-tale and many another subject taken from the Russian poets and prose-writers. Tchaikovsky also frequently turned to the treasure store of the West-European literatures. He reproduced and illumined with a new light the images created by Shakespeare, Dante, Schiller, Byron, Mickievicz, Hoffman.

Throughout a quarter of a century the com poser coined a fervent interest in Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," while his musical activity was yet in its dawn (1869), he wrote the beautiful Fantasia-Ouverture for orchestra on that subject and in 1893, not long before his death he sketched guided by Shakespeare's text the sublime duet of Romeo and Juliet. Two other Fantasia-Ouvertures—the Tempest, and Hamlet were also composed on the groundwork of Shakespeare's themes. Tchaikovsky has succceeded in expressing all the intensity of love, the passionate dramatism, the flaming spirit of Romeo— the waverings of Hamlet's restless mind, all the picturesque vividness of Shakespeare's "Tempest."

"Sleeping Beauty" Perrault's poetical fairy tale found colourful expression in the ballet of that name.

"The Fantasy Ouverture," Francesca da Rimini is a profound musical embodiment of Dante's "Inferno." The gloomy romanticism of "Manfred" found musical expression in Tchaikovsky's symphony of that name, while the "Shelkunchik" (Casse-Noisette) ballet is an embodiment in musical images of Hoffmann's poetical fairy-tale (adapted by A. Dumas). The "Maid of Orleans," a grand heroic opera must serve as a conclusion to this list, but far not complete, of Tchaikovsky's masterpieces, written on the subjects of West-European classics.

On these subjects, borrowed as we have seen them to be, from Western writers, Tchaikovsky created sublime images of suffering, of struggle against oppression, of heroic enthusiasm of love for mankind. The composer rightly understood the humanistic background of the works of Dante, Byron and Shakespeare, and transformed their poems and dramas into musical melodies and forms. It was thus that he set up the indissoluble bond between Russian music and his extensive gallery of pictures from world art.

Even in Tchaikovsky's lifetime, beginning with the latter eighties of last century, his music spreads wide in foreign countries. While the reactionary press of Tsarist Russia regardless the admiration of audiences, was malignant in its persecution of the great composer, Western critique with but few exceptions, gave Tchaikovsky his due. During his tours abroad, his success was indeed exceptional, particularly the ovations acclaiming him in New-York and Prague. Three months before his death Tchaikovsky was awarded the honorary title of Doctor of Music of the Cambridge University. Alongside with Milton, Bacon, Newton, Byron, Darwin, Timiriazev and Pavlov, Tchaikovsky's name joined the circle of the great, marked by the same title in that university.

In the history of Russian culture Tchaikovsky has taken one of the places of honour. His art is a consummation of Russian classical music both in its variety and its profound content. More than any other Russian composer, Tchaikovsky has established the significance of national musical culture. It was he who laid the foundation of the world-wide fame of Russian music.

HOW THE GERMANS DESPOILED THE TCHAIKOVSKY MUSEUM IN KLIN

RUSSIAN musical culture probably does not know a life as beautiful, manifold and intense as the life of Tchaikovsky. In his declining years Tchaikovsky built himself a quiet, solitary abode in the suburbs of the city of Klin. Here, in the midst of Russian nature, of which he was so fond, he was able to take strolls on foot, during which he would meditate over new compositions. This communion with nature always was a source of inspiration to Tchaikovsky.

Tchaikovsky was a convinced follower of the realistic school in art. All his creations are permeated with a tendency for a truthful and real embodiment of human emotions. "It seems to me that I am really endowed with the ability of expressing in music the emotions, moods and images which are suggested by the text, in a simple, truthful and sincere manner. In this respect I am a realist and a real Russian" (from Tchaikovsky's letter to B. P. Pogozhev, of January 6, 1891).

The democratic foundation of Tchaikovsky's artistic convictions is also revealed by his opinion of the opera, which he considered to be the most accessible of all musical genres. He used to say: "The opera has the advantage of making it possible to speak to the masses in musical language."

Tchaikovsky's creative personality strikes us by the breadth and manifold character of its manifestations and by its universalism. His creative art is imbued with restless protest, dissatisfaction and a fiery yearning for a different life.

That melancholy which is so characteristic of Tchaikovsky's music was a reflection of his sharp dissension with the age and his yearning for a better future. A love for mankind and a faith in the future of his people are characteristic of the great composer.

The well-known and universally recognized Russian composer Tchaikovsky drew the attention of many great men. Among his friends were Leo Tolstoi, Turgenev and Chekhov.

The celebration of the 100th anniversary of Tchaikovsky's birth is a day of triumph for Russian music, of triumph for the inspiring creations of the great artist, which have become the people's heritage. In his music the Soviet people will always hear the words of a great artist, imbued with the spirit of deep justice and a passionate appeal for a better, happy life. Once Tchaikovsky said: "My faith in the true judgement of the future is unshakeable."

History knows of no other example of the destruction of culture and of the uprooting of its every achievement as that which the Hitlerites have committed with the cold-bloodedness of sadists and the fury of mad dogs. The Hitlerites are the mortal enemies of modern culture and civilization of all peoples, and of the Slavs first and foremost.

Klin is an old Russian town of gardens and single-story houses. Every Russian knows it as a monument to Russian culture. It was in one of these small houses in Klin that Tchaikovsky, the great Russian composer, lived and wrote his greatest masterpieces. Here, in a small bedroom, at a plain table, P. I. Tchaikovsky wrote his 6th Symphony, in the last year of his life.

The Soviet government took exceedingly great care of the house and every spot connected with Tchaikovsky's life and work. The museum which

was organized here, was a milestone of Russian culture kept alive for the young Soviet generation.

This home and museum of Tchaikovsky, where his immortal compositions were written, was turned into a vermin-infested barracks by the Germans, and the beautiful museum premises—into an evil-smelling barn. As the traveller approaches the estate, he is struck by the sight of the broken gate, the composer's bust lying on the ground and the scattered museum exhibits.

The Germans tore the woodwork from the walls and used it for heating purposes, although there was plenty of firewood around. They threw books, music and music scores into the stove, and with dirty boots they trampelled on old photographs. Tchaikovsky's bedroom they turned into a filthy lodging place, outfitted with dirty matresses. Another museum hall was turned into a motorcycle garage. Remains of food, garbage, cans and cigarette butts are in evidence everywhere. Wild pigs could not have befouled the house as badly as the Germans did.

It is a great consolation to us to know that the chief museum exhibits—Tchaikovsky's original MSS, his personal books, his favourite grand piano, his desk and many more valuable exhibits, were removed in time by the Soviet authorities, to be returned later to their former place.

The monuments to Russian culture are monuments to the people's spirit, and the people's spirit never fades or weakens.

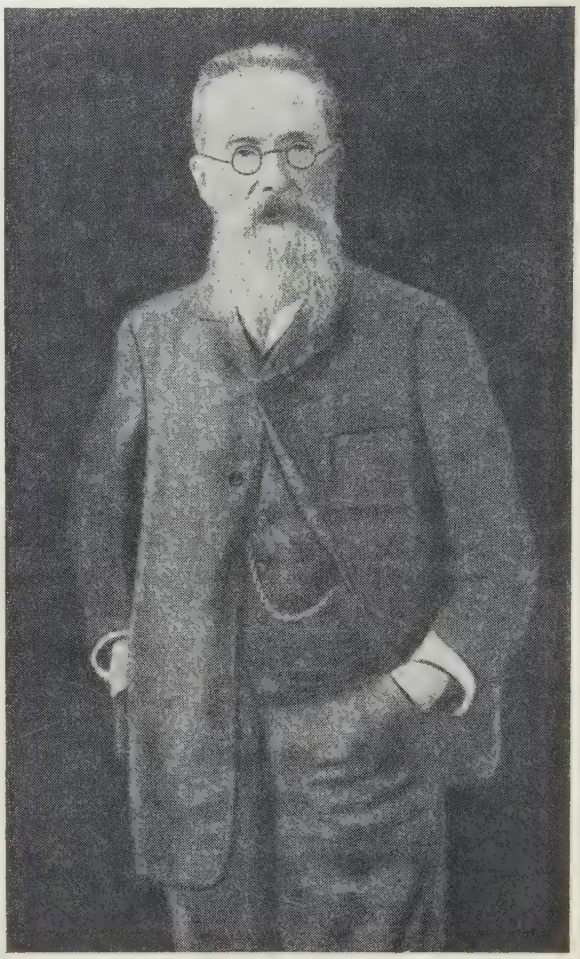
One of the rooms in the Tchaikovsky Dwellinghouse-Museum as left by the hitlerites upon their retreat

N. A. RIMSKY-KORSAKOV

By Prof. **A. Alshwang**

THE outstanding Russian musician Rimsky-Korsakov began to compose his first works almost simultaneously with the activities of a whole pleiad of other brilliant representatives of Russian musical art. The names of Mili Balakirev, Modeste Mussorgsky, Alexander Borodin, Cesar Cui are all closely linked up with the name of Rimsky-Korsakov. They all came to the fore while quite young men, in the sixties of the XIXth century, occupying and holding prominent places in the Russian musical world.

Rimsky-Korsakov belonged to the so-called new Russian school—a constructive association of highly gifted young musicians, formed on Balakirev's initiative. This group of young people none of whom had received any systematic musical education, came forward with almost insolent daring against all forms of academism, eclectics and Italomania, in defence of a new advanced art, founded on the inexhaustibly rich resources of the folk song. Artistic truth and genuine democratism; a passionate love for their people and deep reverence for the heritage bequeathed by Glinka—that greatest of Russian classical musicians, inspired the Balakirev circle from the very first days. The circle's tastes were indeed peculiar. While not recognizing many of the big classical names, the Balakirevians were enthusiastic advocates of West-European romanticism. The colourfulness, vividness and the orchestral devices introduced by List and Berlioz, were objects of study and imitation. And yet the Russian school was violently opposed to Wagner. It was in



N. Rimsky-Korsakov.

the sixties of the last century that the circle was joined by the seventeen-year-old Rimsky-Korsakov.

Nikolai Andreyevich Rimsky-Korsakov was born in an old aristocratic family, in the ancient Russian town of Tikhvin, in the province of Novgorod on March 18th 1844. At the present moment, the house where the great composer was born, has been converted into a museum bearing his name. A few months ago the frenzied hitlerite bands who temporarily occupied Tikhvin, defiled this monument of Russian musical culture.

The family of the Rimsky-Korsakovs stands out in sharp contrast to most of the other aristocratic families of the Russia of those times. Nikolai's father had at one time held the post of governor in one of the Polish provinces, but not wishing to comply with the cruel regime of the epoch of Tzar Nicolas I, he sent in his resignation. Radicalism and independence of judgment were inculcated in the future composer's mind from an early age.

In his childhood, Rimsky-Korsakov received strong and first-hand musical impressions from the lovely national Russian songs. This early familiarity with folklore doubtlessly contributed to his insight into the world of popular art, and predetermined the fundamental traits of the future composer's art. The conditions of provincial life gave him few opportunities of acquainting himself—chiefly through operatic potpourris, with classical or modern music. And nevertheless Rimsky-Korsakov, while yet a child, learnt to know and love the music of Glinka's "Ivan Sousanin." His first attempt at musical composition—without a notion of any theoretical rules—dates from this time.

When twelve years old, the boy was sent to the Cadet Corps in Petersburg. Six years later he graduated this school and received the rank of naval officer, which determined the youth's future life for many years to come. In the society of the nobility of that time a musical career was not held in respect, and even an outstanding talent like Rimsky-Korsakov took up music for a number of years as an amateur, until changed conditions enabled him—as they also did the other composers, of the pleiad, to become a professional musician.

While yet a cadet, Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov found in Petersburg abundant stimulus for musical development. On the threshold of the sixties Petersburg's concert musical and theatrical life was intensive, and the possibilities for study, ample. It was now no longer only the Italian opera that was available. Kanille, his teacher in pianoforte playing, directed Rimsky-Korsakov's attention to the music of Bach and the romanticists, while the subsequent intimacy with Balakirev opened up a new world to the young musician and determined his artistic ideals. In Balakirev Circle, Nikolai Andreyevich was the youngest but not the least significant member, the far seeing head of the circle entrusted to his young disciple the composition of the first Russian symphony. The work however hung fire for a long time, owing to a three years' cruise on a military clipper. Incidentally, in the course of the long voyage, Rimsky-Korsakov visited America where he had an opportunity of witnessing the performances of the New-York Opera.

On his return to Petersburg, Nikolai Andreyevich continues serving in the navy, but gives himself up heart and soul to his music, devoting more and more time and effort to his beloved pursuit. He finishes his symphony and hears it performed by orchestra conducted by Balakirev towards the end of the year 1865. During the same period, the composer creates some wonderful symphonic and vocal compositions which were not long in drawing the attention of musicians to the remarkable gifts of the young sailor. To these belong the ouverture on Russian themes (1866), a fantasia on Serbian themes (1867) and particularly two other compositions: "Sadko," a symphonic poem on the subject of a Russian popular legend (1867) and "Antar," a symphony on the subject of an oriental fairy-tale (1868). Rimsky-Korsakov's first opera, "Maid of Pskov," belongs to the same group of compositions, as do also a number of songs for the voice with piano accompaniment. The named compositions are expressive of the principles underlying the music of the new Russian school. In the foreground

is the popular element; the Russian songs are used, and alongside with them, the melodies of the East and the songs of the Western Slavs. Despite the imperfections of his technique, Rimsky-Korsakov displayed even in his first compositions a remarkable maturity of artistic conception; picturesqueness—a lofty tense of measure and flawless taste combined with the national principle.

With time, new tendencies in development make themselves felt. Dissensions in the Balakirev circle on questions of principle began to manifest themselves from the moment when Rimsky-Korsakov, wishing to fill up the gaps of his incomplete musical education, took up seriously the study of harmony and counterpoint. Moreover, in 1871, the composer accepted the offer of a professorship in the Petersburg Conservatory in the class of orchestra and composition. All these activities alienated Rimsky-Korsakov from the other members of the circle; who suspected their companion of treachery to the common cause and of concessions to the academism so hateful to them all. On the other hand, the artist, who had now reached maturity in his creative powers, was finding irksome the yoke of Balakirev's constant patronage and his despotic interference in his pupils' work.

In the 70's, when the period of "Academic" experiments of but small value from the artistic standpoint—was over, Rimsky-Korsakov creates his famous collections of Russian folk songs, adapted by himself, and a poetic opera—"The May Night" based on a Ukrainian tale of Gogol (1878). One of the high points in the composer's work was the delightful opera "Snow Maiden", to the text of Ostrovski's "Spring Fairy Tale" (1881). The music of "Snow Maiden" ("Sniegurochka") is marked by a radiant pantheistic sense of nature, a moving popular lyricism and fantastic imagery.

In the eighties the maturest of Rimsky-Korsakov's symphonic compositions are composed: "Sheherazade"—a symphonic suite based on four episodes from the Arabian nights (1888) and a "Spanish Capriccio" on Spanish popular themes (1887)—two pieces of dazzling orchestration that have gained worldwide fame.

The next period of his work may be considered as pre-eminently operatic: within ten years Rimsky-Korsakov wrote ten operas (1889—1907). Prominent among them are such masterpieces as "Christmas Eve" (1895), "Sadko" (1896), "The Tzar's Bride" (1898), "Tzar Saltan" (1900), "The Deathless Kashtchey" (1902), "The Legend of the Invisible City of Kitezh, and the Maiden Fevronia," (1904), and the "Golden Cockerel" (1907). Most of Rimsky-Korsakov's operas are founded on Russian legends, derived from ballads and folk stories of from the works of Pushkin and Gogol.

Conspicuous against this vivid background of national epic, is the dramatic historical opera "The Tzar's Bride" on a subject from the times of Ivan the Terrible.

When commenting on the character of Rimsky-Korsakov's art we are struck by its versatility. The composer not only created, sitting in his armchair; he also took an active part in practical musical life as a renowned teacher, enlightener and musical conductor. A place of particular importance is occupied by his disinterested and devoted work on orchestration and the adaptation of a number of first-class Russian operas. The composer adapted for the orchestra Dargomyzhski's fine musical drama, "The Stone Guest" which the author did not live to finish; he gave a new and independent version of Mussorgsky's "Boris Godunov" which contributed to the success of that sublime composition throughout the world. "Khovanschina", another of Mussorgsky's musical dramas, bears the marks of Rimsky-Korsakov's work in so strong a degree that it may be permissible in this case to speak of direct collaboration, and finally, that monumental epic of Russian opera—Borodin's "Prince Igor," saw the footlights only thanks to Rimsky-Korsakov's work on its orchestration and editing.

No less valuable are the results of Rimsky-Korsakov's work as teacher. In the course of over three and a half decades of his activities, the composer created within the walls of the Petersburg Conservatory—one of the most influential musical schools in the world. It is sufficient to say, that among the maestro's

pupils, shine forth the names of Glazounov, Liadov, and Arensky while among the latest of his disciples are Stravinsky, Prokofiev and Miaskovsky, and Maximilian Steinberg, who in his turn was the teacher of Shostakovich.

And finally mention must be made of Rimsky-Korsakov's literary publications, his practical course of harmony, widely used as a text-book, his "Elements of Orchestration"—a work of profound originality, and his "Annals of my Musical Life," a book which remains one of the outstanding documents in the history of Russian music.

Rimsky-Korsakov died on June 21st 1908, near St. Petersburg, from an attack of angina pectoris. He was at work up till the very end leaving an unfinished book: "Elements of Orchestration."

* * *

Rimsky-Korsakov's constructive work continued throughout several decades, glorifying Russian art in different aspects of the national musical culture. The Russian fairy-tale and ballad sparkled with new magical colours in such operas as "Snow Princess," "Sadko," "Kaschtchey," "The Golden Cockerel;" historical musical drama was enriched by "Maid of Pskov," and the "Tzar's Bride." The colourful, transparent orchestration combined with admirable adaptation of folklore melodies contribute to the unforgettable charm of Rimsky-Korsakov's exquisite symphonic music. Such is the sparkling pallet of "Scheherazade," the "Spanish capriccio" and "Antar." While opening up new musical vistas for Russian myth and epic, Rimsky-Korsakov strengthens the links binding music to classical literature.

Rimsky-Korsakov belongs to the innovators. He was not satisfied with the traditional forms, but sought after new means of expression. In one of his letters the composer voices his views in the following words: "I think that in art only the ugly is bad, while on the contrary what is desirable is that which is not ugly, but which is extreme. It is that which impels art. Liszt was extreme; so was Berlioz; so was Wagner, and we, too, were extreme. . . " The novelty of Rimsky-Korsakov's musical language consists in a profound lyricism based on folk music. The sound combinations of the music, so peculiarly his own radiate like the luminous harmonies of the rainbow.

In interpreting the living breath of nature and life, the composer rises to the heights of a genuine objectiveness; it will be sufficient to call to mind the voices of spring in "Snow Maiden" and the thrill of the forest in the "Legend of the City of Kitezh." Instinct with a sense of proportion and faultless artistic taste, Rimsky-Korsakov's music, on the strength of these qualities alone, would have played a tremendous role in culture. Its significance, however, becomes immeasureably greater through the radiant element of nature and the triumph of life permeating it. The voice of Democratism resounds in his compositions. In the period of the first Russian revolution of 1905 the composer comes forward with the outspoken directness so characteristic of him, in defence of the radically-minded student youth. He is removed from the Conservatory, which causes the popularity of the composer's name to increase in the oppositional circles of Russian society. Rimsky-Korsakov's political radicalism found expression in two of his operas,—"Kashtchey" and the "Golden Cockerel," where criticism of the autocracy is sharpened into political satire. Kashtchey's thousand-year kingdom totters beneath the beams of freedom, and the people, immortal and ever young, sing their victory over the wizard's spell. The wicked monster Dodon, and his crazy kingdom are ridiculed in the sublime musical satire; the presentiment of new times to come make the pulses beat higher. Such is the real constructive content of Rimsky-Korsakov's art.

His international significance is great. It is most clearly manifested in the music of the Latin countries. The dazzling colours of the French impressionist composers are a further development of the orchestration in "Sheherazade;" the "Spanish Capriccio;" "Sadko." Ravel is Rimsky-Korsakov's direct successor, to say nothing of the Spanish and Italian composers of the XXth century. Claude Debussy, representative of the French musical impressionism in

writing of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Antar" says: "Nothing can resist the might of that music. One wants to cry out with joy . . . No words can express the charm of the themes and the splendour of the orchestra and rhythm."

The popularity of Rimsky-Korsakov's music in the English speaking countries is a well-known fact. In Britain and the USA his compositions are highly appreciated and frequently performed. Alongside with the music of Tchaikovsky, Rimsky-Korsakov's works find vivid response and heartfelt recognition among foreign listeners, thus serving the interests of a living spiritual tie, linking up Russian culture with the culture of the other freedom-loving nations of the whole world.

NAZI DESECRATION OF RUSSIAN CULTURAL MONUMENTS

By **Dmitri Shostakovich**

The Nazi barbarians seek to destroy the whole of Slavonic culture. During the brief period in which they played the masters in Klin they foully desecrated the revered memory of the great Russian composer Tchaikovsky. The town of Klin is a sanctified centre of Russian musical culture. It was here that Tchaikovsky spent the last years of his life and it was here that he composed his immortal works which, to this very day have won profound admiration of the whole world of music. Tchaikovsky's dwelling-house in Klin was lovingly preserved, utmost care was taken that everything in the house remain exactly as it was during the life of its famous owner. It was impossible to visit this sanctum of the Russian people without experiencing deeply stirred feelings.

The blood freezes in the veins and one experiences unspeakable indignation upon viewing the wanton destruction and acts of sheer vandalism which marked the few weeks of occupation of Klin by the Hitlerite invaders. With their filthy boots the Nazi cutthroats trampled on Tchaikovsky's manuscripts. They defiled the composer's house and converted it into a sink of iniquity for their bandits. Never will the Russian people forgive or forget this.

In Yasnaya Polyana the Nazis defiled the memory of Leo Tolstoy. They befoulled the house in Taganrog where Chekhov was born.

Russian culture is immortal and never will the Nazis succeed in destroying it. But they can inflict a great deal of harm, and not only to Russian culture but also to that of the whole world, to that of all freedom-loving nations. And this culture must be defended against the Nazis with arms in hand.

DESTRUCTION OF ARCHITECTURAL MONUMENTS BY GERMAN INVADERS

By Prof. **D. Arkin**

GERMAN invaders have deliberately destroyed or damaged some of the outstanding examples of Russian architecture—such as the New Jerusalem Cathedral, and church in Istra, the towers of the Volokolamsk Monastery, palaces in the city of Kalinin erected by Matvey Kazakov, the noted architect of the eighteenth century, cathedrals and churches in Staritsa, Mozhaisk and Tikhvin, eighteenth century manorial buildings in Yaropolets and numerous others. Among the list of destroyed monuments are also such historical masterpieces as the ancient Spass Cathedral (XI century) in Chernigov, the Kremlin and twelfth-thirteenth century churches in Novgorod, and the famous Peterhof fountains near Leningrad. This brief enumeration represents only a fraction of the total destruction wrought upon priceless treasures of Russian architecture by Hitler's armies. Destroying famous landmarks of culture is only a part of a broad programme consistently carried out by German usurpers on the Russian territory which they have temporarily occupied.

When the barbarians, the conquerors of Europe, plundered Rome in the fifth century and partially demolished its remarkable edifices, they were motivated by a gigantic historical force impelling the migration of tribes and nations. In the temples and palaces of hostile cities, these ignorant and semi-savage barbarians saw only the material, external aspect of the buildings—marble walls and chamber fittings which were fruitful object for plunder. In the seventh century Khalif Omar committed to flames the Alexandrine library with its priceless heritage of ancient manuscripts. This act of destruction,

The Spass Cathedral in Chernigov, an ancient monument of Russian architecture which has been destroyed by the hitlerites

which inflicted an irreparable blow upon all mediaeval science, can be explained by the religious and political hatred harboured by the champion of Islam against the heritage of ancient and Hellenic culture. While these motives in no measure justify before humanity the crimes committed against culture, they do serve to explain these acts of destruction in connection with the general level of culture in the early Middle Ages. What motives, however, can be found to explain the actions of the civilized barbarians of the twentieth century, armed with tanks, automatic rifles and high-speed aeroplanes? These modern Vandals destroy works of art, desirous of striking a blow at the very heart of

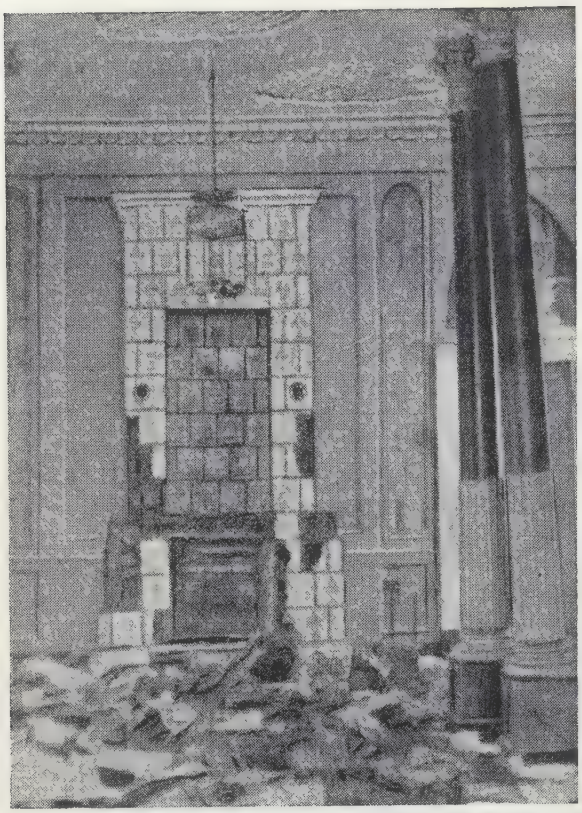
the people, of violating its most cherished possessions, of destroying the material monuments of its historical past and reducing the works of its geniuses to ashes.

Hitler's armies have been carrying out this policy from the very first days of war on the western front. German troops systematically trained their guns on famous architectural monuments. The old parts of Middelburg and Rotterdam met their destruction in just such a manner as did the Gothic cathedrals of Rouen, Amiens, Laon and Beauvais; damage was wrought upon Westminster Abbey, the Tower, Guild Hall and St. Paul's Cathedral in London and numerous other masterpieces of architecture in northern France, England and Holland. The "holy stones of Europe," mute witnesses of a great civilization, are obstacles in the path of these contemporary European savages.

Hitler's hordes pursue this destructive, anti-cultural mission with particular, immeasurably more criminal and active consistency in Slavic countries and on the territory of Soviet republics. The cynical wording of General von Reichenau's order of October 10, 1941 to the effect that "historical and art treasures of the East are of no significance" will go down in history as an unsurpassed formula of Nazi barbarism in the twentieth century.

These words are by no means dictated by the mere ignorance of an obtuse-minded soldier attired in the uniform of a German Field-Marshal.

The Goncharov manor in Yaropolets, the right wing, the interior of which was destroyed by the hitlerites



Pushkin Room in the Goncharov Manor, destroyed by the hitlerites

Hitler, officially terming Reichenau's order, "excellent" (ausgezeichnet) was perfectly aware of what art treasures were in question. Hitler himself, who in times of peace was fond of discussing architecture and art, shed crocodile tears over the Strasburg Cathedral which was "taken" from the Germans along with Alsace. Both the author and the editor of Reichenau's "historical" order were supremely aware of what rich art and historical works the Soviet Union possessed, what a wealth of art was to be found in the large and small towns of Russia. It is precisely because this is so well known to Hitler's "culture-bearers" that they command their band of ravagers to destroy beautiful buildings, to burn them, to utterly destroy them.

Russian architecture has contributed a great deal to the art culture of the world. The Russian people created outstanding architectural edifices not only in such historical centres as Kiev, Novgorod and Vladimir which witnessed the founding and development of the Russian state, and in Moscow and Leningrad, but throughout the extensive territory of the provinces as well. The ensembles of old Russian monasteries and Kremlins, those remarkable monuments of fifteenth to seventeenth century of Russian culture, are imbued with lofty poetry and true classic mastery. It will suffice to single out such masterpieces as the Josef-Volokolamsky and New Jerusalem monasteries near Moscow, the Kalyazinsk monastery, the Kremlin in Rostov Veliky and the Novo-Devichi monastery in Moscow. Such small towns as Ooglich, Pereyaslavl Zalessky, Rostov and others situated on the territory of the present Moscow, Smolensk, Kalinin and Leningrad regions were the focal points of antique architecture. Istra, Volokolamsk, Tikhvin and Borovsk belong to the latter group. Alongside of the illustrious ancient stones of Europe—the old cities of Italy, France, Holland and Flanders—there sparkle the precious stones of Russian architecture. In modern times the Russian people produced one of the greatest monuments of architecture—their northern capital, the triumphant might of the Leningrad ensembles which is the national pride of Russian architecture. These ensembles have a world-wide significance. It was here, on the banks of the Neva, that the conception of huge urban ensembles-squares, embankments, avenues—bound together by a single architectural design, found expression with unprecedented artistic force.

In retreating from Istra, the Germans blew up the New Jerusalem monastery, a famous edifice dating from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The founding of this monastery is bound up with the works of Patriarch Nikon, a prominent political figure of the seventeenth century and an outstanding character in Russian church history. The modern architectural aspect of the monastery took form later, in the eighteenth century, when it was remodelled under the direction of the most noted architects of the time.

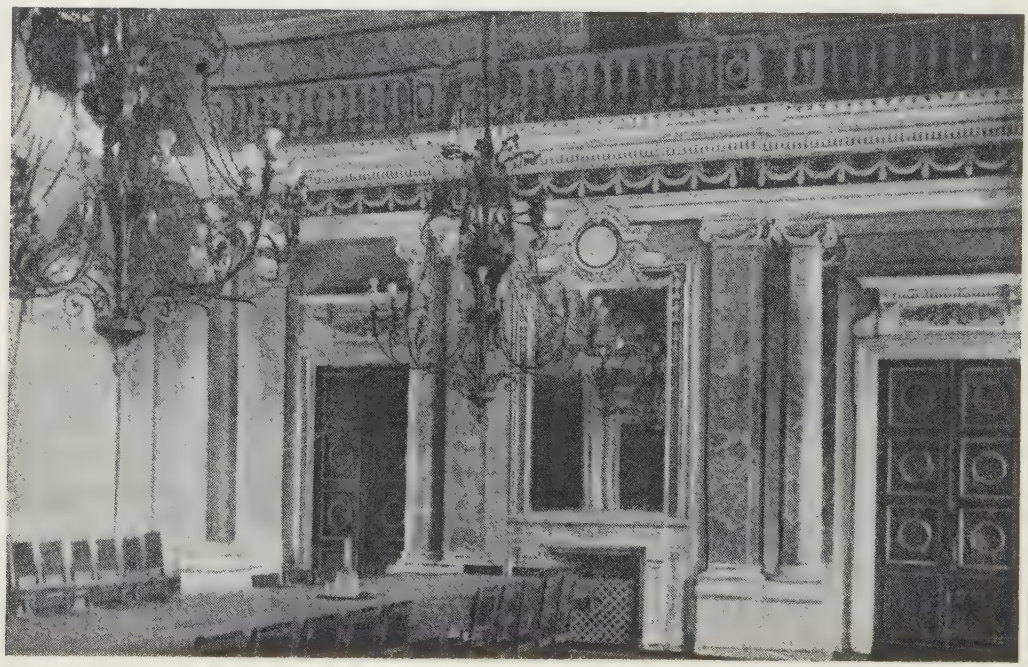
The Catherine II Pootevoy Palace in Kalinin

The Catherine II Pootevoy Palace in Kalinin, destroyed by the hitlerites.

The famous Rastrelli, as well as a group of Moscow architects headed by K. Blank, took part in designing the cathedral and its decorations. An example of their work is to be found in the wonderful tent-dome of the cathedral with its triple row of windows, a highly fine and dexterous piece of work. A prominent place in the interior decoration of the cathedral is given to ornamental sculpture and in particular to majolica, executed by the masters of the so-called Russian "tseninny" art. The explosion which occurred in the central portion of the cathedral, reduced these master-pieces to a pile of debris. The wooden chapel built within the cathedral walls by Rastrelli, a superb specimen of exuberant gilt carving, as well as the Mary Magdalen chapel built by Matvey Kazakov, the outstanding architect of the eighteenth century, also fell to ruins as a result of the explosion.

All the circumstances pertaining to the destruction of the cathedral (as well as the church of the New Jerusalem monastery) point to indubitably premeditated and planned preparation of this barbarous deed.

No less convincing is the picture of the damage and destruction wreaked by the usurpers upon another remarkable ensemble, that of the Josef-Volokolamsky monastery near the town of Volokolamsk. The museum housed in the monastery and possessing unique examples illustrating the religious and domestic life of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, including the very rare "shrouds" presented to the monastery as a gift by the Princes Staritsky, was savagely plundered. The fortress towers of the monastery, among which is the Herman Tower where Tzar Vasily Shyuisky was once imprisoned, also suffered damage. Situated not far from the town of Volokolamsk, the estate of Yaropolets, a typical example of classic manorial architecture of the eighteenth century, shared the fate of many works of architecture which fell into the temporary possession of the German invaders. Some of the estate buildings went up in flames, the floors in the halls and the "Pushkin rooms" (at one time the estate belonged to the family of the great poet's wife) have been torn up, the wooden columns pulled down, and havoc wrought to the



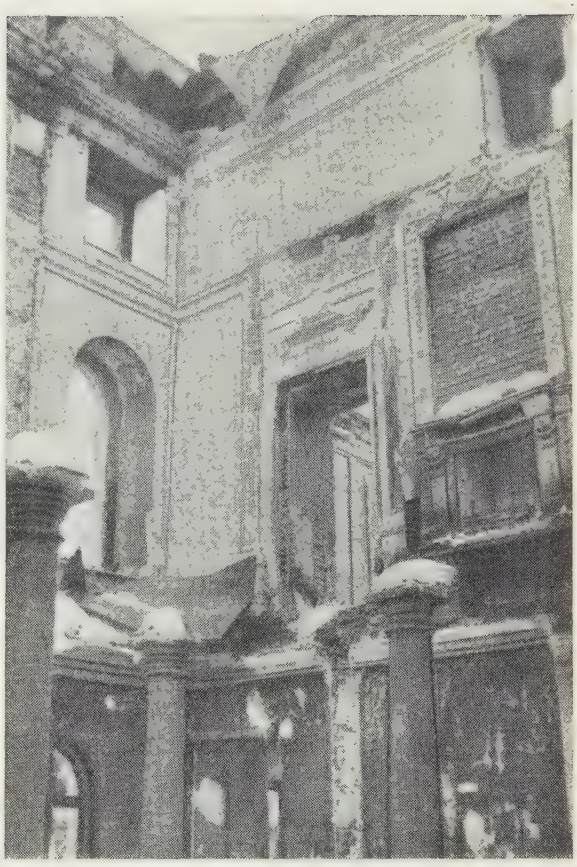
Interior of the Pootevoy Palace

furnishings. Judging by the abundance of straw and manure, these rooms were converted into a stable.

One of the oldest of Russian towns—Kalinin (formerly Tver) suffered practically complete destruction at the hands of the German invaders, who did not spare even the finest of the old buildings. The most noteworthy of these edifices is the Pootevoy Palace, erected in the sixties of the eighteenth century for Empress Catherine II after the design by the famous Russian architect Matvey Kazakov. In retreating from Kalinin the German troops set fire to this palace. The entire edifice, save for a portion of the right wing, was consumed by flames, only the outer walls were left standing. The flames destroyed the remarkable decorations and fittings of the halls, including the chandeliers and sconces executed after designs by the famous architect Rossi. The city square facing the palace was dug up by the Germans and turned into a cemetery for their soldiers.

The central square in the town of Kalinin is an example of an integral architectural ensemble, the work of the above-mentioned Kazakov. Three main arteries, which form the central portion of the town, branch out from the eight-sided square. This remarkable ensemble has been disfigured by the Germans. One of the palaces (formerly the building of the Council of Nobles and now housing the Regional Court) which occupies the dominating position on the square, has been destroyed by fire; the wooden part of the structure was burned and the arches demolished, the skeleton of the walls is all that remains. It is evident from the ruins that the building was subjected to plunder previous to being fired, even to the extent of the safes being burgled.

An enumeration of all the noteworthy works of arhitecture burned by the Germans in Kalinin would occupy a great deal of space. Among others, superb residences of the eighteenth century built around another, circular, city square, were burned to the ground as well as an entire block of apartment houses and private dwellings adjoining the central thoroughfares. The picture will be more complete when we add to it the



Interior of the Pootevoy Palace, destroyed by the hitlerites

destruction of the Municipal Art Gallery, from which the Germans stole the most valuable objects including a portrait of Catherine II by Eriksen (the portrait was barbarously slashed from its frame with a knife), two works of Rotari, a well known portraitist of the eighteenth century, and canvases by such prominent Russian artists as Venetsianov, Levitan and others. The Regional Lore Museum and the historical archives of the city were similarly plundered.

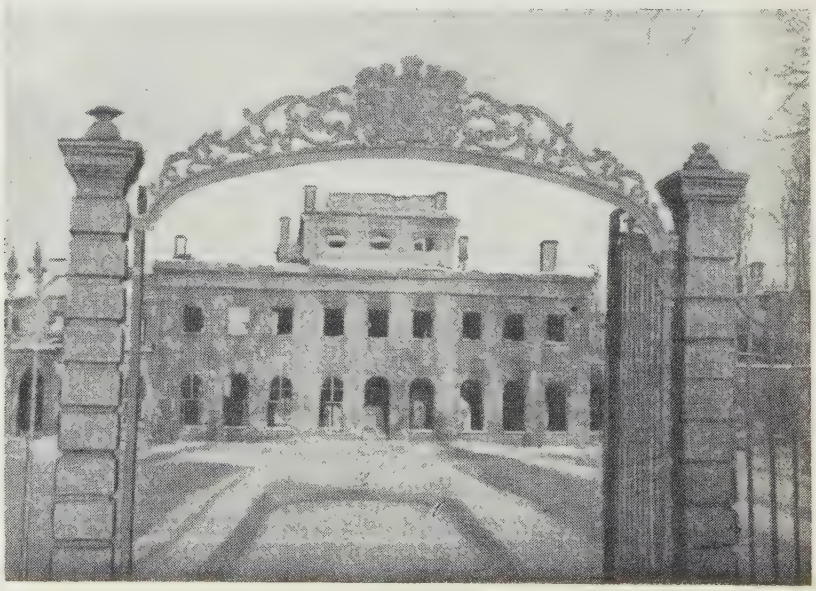
As a result of the brief occupation of the city Kaluga by German troops, the same fate fell to the lot of the building of the Gostiny Dvor, one of the most interesting monuments of the latter part of the eighteenth century which presents an original combination of old Russian architectural forms with Gothic motives and

The former "Cour d'honneur" Palace of Count Z. Chernyshov in Yaropolets. In recent years this Palace served as a hospital

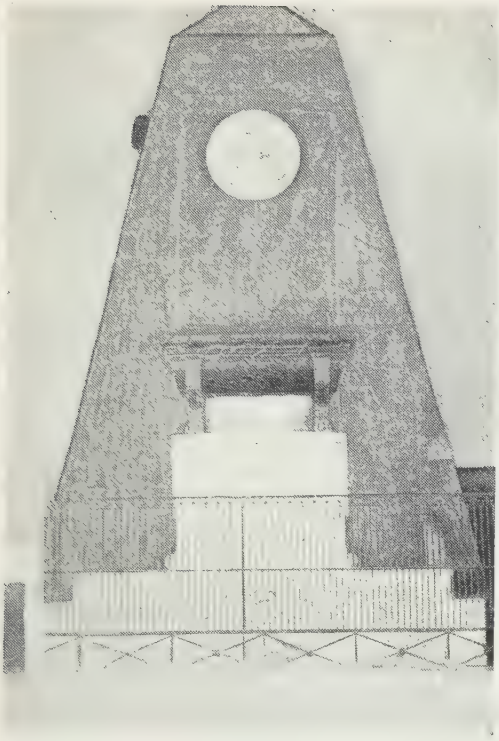
elements of classicism. In this city, before retreating, the German troops blew up a number of residential buildings, examples of Russian "empire" style of the early nineteenth century.

Still another victim of the destruction wrought by the invaders is the Nikolsky Cathedral in the small, very old town of Mozhaisk. This cathedral is a characteristic and unique example of the "romantic" style in Russian architecture of the early nineteenth century and in its main portions dates back to a still earlier period, that of the sixteenth century. This superb monument has suffered considerable damage, the dome being demolished and a number of the vaults destroyed.

Before withdrawing from the town of Tikhvin



The Chernyshov Palace in Yaropolets, as it appeared after having been ruthlessby bombed and destroyed by hitlerite aeroplanes



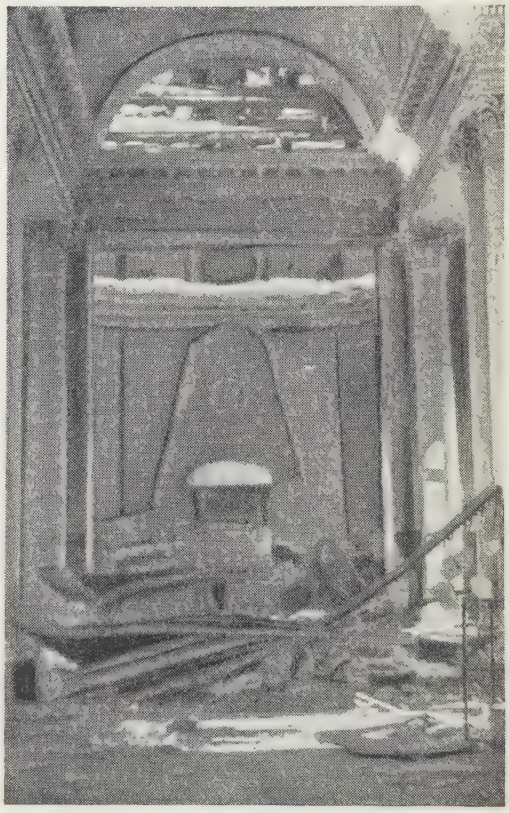
The tomb of Count Chernyshov, Yaropolets. In 1759 Count Chernyshov received the keys of Berlin

the Germans set fire to the buildings of the Tikhvin monastery, an old architectural edifice whose walls have witnessed not a few events of historical importance.

Staritsa, one of the ancient Russian cities, is situated on the upper Volga. Founded in the twelfth century by Prince Mikhail Yaroslavovich Tverskoy, a nephew of Alexander Nevsky, Tzar Ivan IV was especially fond of this city and enhanced it with many handsome structures. Numerous outstanding examples of church architecture, dating from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, were preserved in Staritsa. These buildings suffered greatly during the short-lived German occupation of the town.

While the Germans reduced such monuments as the New Jerusalem and Tikhvin monasteries to ruins, in Peterhof they unceremoniously made off with the bronze statues-fountains.

From time to time the German press comes out with assertions that the destruction of historical monuments is one of the inevitable costs of war—"war is war." Artillery shells and explosive bombs hurl destruction indiscriminately upon military objects and peaceful works of architecture. This hackneyed explanation is false through and through. For we have here the premediated destruction of the finest art and historical treasures—all in exact conformation with Reichenau's order and with the general spirit of the German "war on the East." Even in those cases where architectural works are "accidental" victims of military operations, the responsibility for these acts lies wholly upon those who have invaded neighbouring territory and are waging plunderous warfare.



Count Chernyshov's tomb, demolished by the hitlerites

Soviet scholars, historiansa of rchitecture, students of art, architects engaged in restoring ancient edifices, are keepirg strict account of all the damage inflicted on architectural works by the enemy. This account has only been begun but it already presents a menacing indictment branding the barbarians of the twentieth century. The enemy is attempting to exterminate physically that part of the Russian people's cultural heritage which lies within the grasp of his armoured fist and thus break down the spiritual force of the Russian people. Vain attempts. It is possible to reduce the Temple of Diana in Ephesus to ruins, to convert the scintillating majolica of the New-Jerusalem monastery into a pile of debris, to plunder and mutilate all the palaces and parks which the enemy meets in its path. No matter how many tons of melenite the foe may place beneath the foundation of the Istra cathedral, he is powerless to dull the radiant gleam emanatirg from the priceless treasures created by the genius of the people. The fame of the creator of the Temple in Ephesus shines through the centuries, triumphing over the repelling notoriety of Herostrates. The works of Russian Architecture which have suffered damage at the hands of the barbarians will rise up from their ruins and, together with the people who have created them, triumph in the victory over the darkness of barbarism.

"MONASTERY OF RESURRECTION"

By **V. Snegirev**

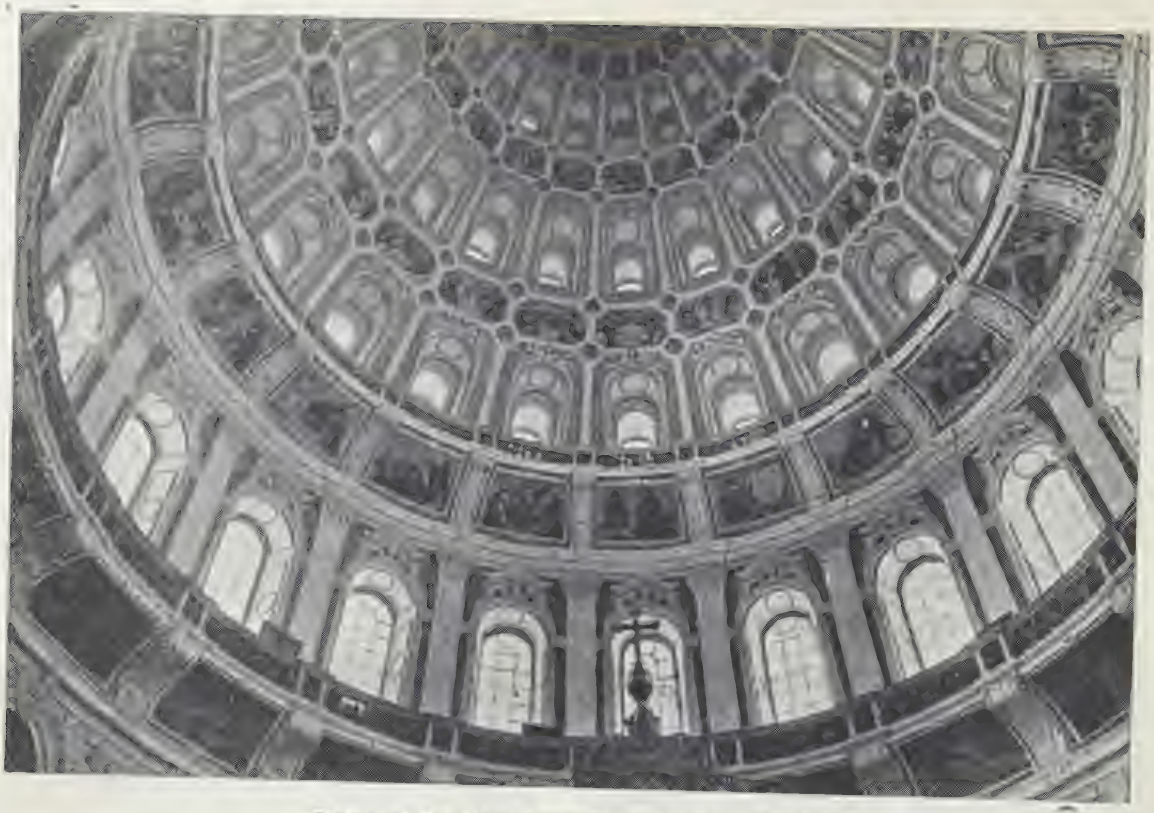
IN THEIR hurried retreat from Moscow the Germans destroyed a masterpiece of ancient Russian architecture—the Monastery of Resurrection. It is located at a distance of 50 kilometers from Moscow, on the Istra river.

The history of this monastery, usually referred to as "New Jerusalem," is closely linked to the name of its founder, patriarch Nikon, Russia's greatest ecclesiastic of the 17th century.

The patriarch resolved to build a monastery with a cathedral, in imitation of the ancient temple of Jerusalem, built in the 4th century. With this object in view he sent a learned monk, Arseni Sukhanov, to Palestine and ordered him to obtain an exact model with a detailed description of the appearance, dimensions and ornaments of the Jerusalem holy places.

The New Jerusalem Cathedral in Istra

The New Jerusalem Cathedral in Istra, destroyed by the hitlerites



Dome of the New Jerusalem Cathedral in Istra

The gaping walls of the New Jerusalem Cathedral in Istra, the dome of which was utterly demolished by the hitlerites

According to an inscription on the bell, the cornerstone of the New Jerusalem cathedral was laid on the first of September 1658. This is also the year when Nikon's hermitage was built, a most interesting monument of old Russian lay architecture.

The cathedral was completed by the end of the 17th century. Soon the monastery's wooden fence was replaced by a stone wall with eight hip towers. In the middle of the 18th century the restoration of the palace was entrusted to the famous architect Rastrelli. K. Blank, who built mostly according to designs made by others, made use of Rastrelli's design and completed the construction of the palace.

While the planning of the Russian and Palestine constructions is alike in their general principles, their difference in style is considerable. The New Jerusalem Cathedral combines Roman with ancient Russian artistic forms.

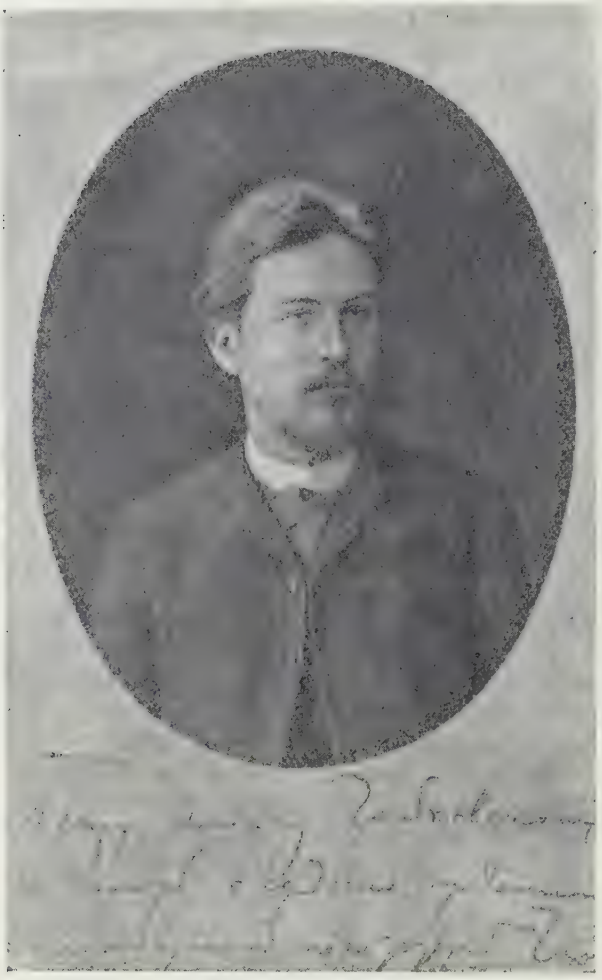
The entire outside composition is an ancient Russian (round form) dome-shaped temple.

Rastrelli had planned very sumptuous decorations, but Blank improved upon them and added some Rococo motives: volute ornaments, cherubims, which Blank was so fond of, in combination with ancient Russian tiles, cover the entire wall and blend with the architecture. The golden, white and azure shades of the interior form a happy scale of colours. Ancient Russian architecture has never known such a wealth and variety of coloured tiles as that of the New Jerusalem temple.

In 1792 the famous Russian architect Kazakov was invited to do some partial changes. Classical forms appeared in the cathedral chapels, which numbered 29 (there are only 14 in the Palestine temple). The Maria Magdalena marble chapel, built by Kazakov in 1801 is a most perfect piece of work in that style.

More recently the monastery was turned into a museum. The most valuable historical and artistic exhibits were shown in its 62 halls. The monastery was carefully guarded, and for a long time served as an object of study and research work for connoisseurs of art. And now this unique edifice, this architectural ensemble, equal to the finest monuments of Western Europe in its daring and magnitude of conception, has been subjected to barbaric destruction.

At the end of 1941, the German fascists having temporarily occupied the city of Istra, placed munitions stores in the monastery's cathedral, calculating this to be the safest place. Indeed, during the battle for Istra Soviet pilots were given the strictest orders not to bomb and object within the monastery grounds, so as not to damage accidentally any of the buildings, which are of enormous historical and artistic value. But in the middle of December, when the fascists fled under pressure of the Red Army, they blew up the cathedral. The explosion ruined the entire rotonde, a magnificent example of baroque architecture; nothing but dust was left of the coloured frescoes and astounding mural stucco decorations; the valuable tiles, over which the excellent Russian master Sborski laboured with his comrades, were turned into a heap of minute splinters; the elegant sepulchre, made after Rastrelli's design, lay under the debris of the caved-in vaults; the guilded dome, which could be seen from afar, is no more. The explosion caused considerable damage to Nikon's hermitage, to the palace with its artistic interior and to several smaller objects . . . To the long list of monuments of art and culture,destroyed by the German barbarians, the greatest monument to Russian religious architecture has been added.



CHEKHOV

THE name of the famous Russian writer and playwright, Anton Pavlovich Chekhov, is known throughout the civilized world.

Chekhov made a contribution not only to Russian literature and playwrighting, but to that of the whole world. He showed living people to the audience and fragments of real life; not heroes of volcanic passions and emotions, but ordinary people, men of the street, in their every-day life. But simultaneously, while showing these ordinary, every-day people, Chekhov presented genuine social dramas.

This period, the dark and dismal period "of pre-revolutionary stagnation and dejection," is now for ever past, and with it have its melancholy and despondency disappeared from the life of the Soviet people. But Chekhov's dramas are dear to the Soviet audience even now, as profoundly truthful monuments to the recent past and as models of genuine dramatic art and of Chekhov's

Chekhov's House in Istra.

remarkable ability to recreate living people in their every-day surroundings, to make a few scanty words full of meaning and to show social drama through the drama of an individual.

K. Stanislavski, the organizer and leader of the Moscow Art Theater, said: "The charm of Chekhov's plays lies not in what is said in words, but in what lies behind them in the pauses, in the looks of the actors, in the expression of their inner emotions. The objects placed on the stage, the sounds and settings, the images created by the actors, the very mood of the play and of the whole performance acquire life. It is all a matter of creative intuition and artistic feeling."

This charm of Chekhov's plays attracts both directors and actors. Chekhov is one of the favourite playwrights of the Moscow Art Theater, and for his play "The Three Sisters", as staged by People's Artist Nemirovich-Danchenko, the latter has been awarded the Stalin prize.

Chekhov's plays attract the Western and American directors, and there is no doubt that they have exercised their influence on modern western playwrighting. In 1921, Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya" was performed on the stage of the Comédie des Champs Elysées in Paris; in 1923 the same theater staged "The Seagull." In 1929 "The Three Sisters" were given by the Théâtre des Arts in Paris. In 1920, Chekhov's "Bear" and "Proposal" were staged in the Jewish theater of Tel-Aviv, Palestine.

Chekhov's plays were often published in Britain and in the USA, in English. "The Three Sisters" and "On the open road" were staged in the USA. During the seasons of 1926—1929, the "Cherry Orchard" was performed in New York, on the stage of the Civil Repertory Theater with Eve le Gallienne. This play is in the repertory of the American theaters even now.

"The Cherry Orchard" was performed in Britain by the London dramatic society, "Stage Society," a few years before the first world war, for the

first time. But it was only after the war that Chekhov won the recognition of the British public.

"The Seagull" enjoyed exceptional success on the London stage in 1921; the British press referred to it as a drama which has opened a new era in dramatic and theatrical art.

In 1934 "The Cherry Orchard" was performed in the Old Vic theater in London, under the direction of regisseur Tyron Gathrie. The play had a run of 100 performances. During Chekhov's jubilee in 1935 the play "Three Sisters" was broadcast by all British stations.

In September 1941, the New Theater opened its London season with a performance of the "Cherry Orchard."

The Encyclopedia Britannica (14th edition, 1929) speaks of Chekhov as a short story writer and playwright and states that Chekhov's success and influence are very great in Europe and in America. "His charm is felt mostly in England, where he is considered one of the greatest of Russian writers and one of the best short story writers and modern playwrights in the world."

There is no doubt that Chekhov has influenced the English and American playwrights.

In the preface to his Hearthbreak House, B. Shaw writes of the closeness of his dramas to Chekhov's playwrighting.

Hugh Walpole and Catherine Mansfield have also felt the influence of Chekhov. Sommerset Maugham's play, "For Services Rendered," which was performed in the USSR under the name of "At five sharp," may without exaggeration be called a Chekhov play.

In the plays of some American writers and playwrights there is much that reminds us of Chekhov. There is no doubt of his influence on Hemingway, and it is noticed most of all in the latter's stories. "Street scenes" by Elmer Rice, "Time of your life" by William Saroyan and many other plays by modern American playwrights are written in the Chekhov manner. Their characters are also not "heroes," but ordinary people, the men on the street. In their plays, just like in Chekhov's, recitation is absent and words are scanty. The main thing is not that which is said in so many words, but what lies behind them.

And lastly, these plays, like those of Chekhov, actually are dramas of considerable social importance.

The Soviet people cherish the memory of their heroes, writers and artists, and preserve with care the places connected with their life and work.

The small house in Taganrog, where A. Chekhov was born, has been preserved as a museum named after him. Young and old, students, workers of the Taganrog factories and intellectuals, come to visit that house.

Another house, in Istra, where Chekhov lived during the period he worked at the Istra hospital, was also turned into a museum named after the writer.

The fascist barbarians destroyed the Chekhov monuments. They destroyed his house in Taganrog, they burned down his house in Istra and the hospital where he worked.

Great is the wrath of the Russian people at these crimes of the fascist beasts. The Hitler gangsters will be driven from the Russian land, and the menace of Nazism, now hanging over the world, will be removed forever.

Chekhov, however, lives and will live on in his writings, which are dear to the peoples of all lands.

DISTINGUISHED FOREIGN SCIENTISTS, ARTISTS AND WRITERS ON NAZI ATROCITIES

Absichtliche Zerstörung von Kulturdenkmalen kennzeichnet die äusserste Barbarei, in die Hitler seine geknechteten Deutschen zurückgeworfen hat. Sie verlernten unter ihrem nichtwürdigen Tyrannen die Ehrfurcht von ihren eigenen geistigen Meistern, das hat sie fähig gemacht sich an Tolstoy, Tschhekhov, Tschaikowsky zu vergreifen. Ihre erbärmlichen Verbrechen können mich nicht mehr verwundern, aber meine Empörung und Verachtung werden grenzlos vermehrt.

Heinrich Mann

5 Febr. 1942

News of destruction of Tchaikovsky and Rimsky-Korsakov museums by nazis fills all civilized musicians with unspeakable horror and disgust. Tchaikovsky who is perhaps the most universally beloved of your composers was the chief inspiration of the concert I recently had honour of giving aiding Russian Relief with my friends Horowitz and Heifetz and I am devoting three concerts of philharmonics centenary season to his immortal works.

John Barbirolli

Russia news of destruction of Tchaikovsky and Rimsky-Korsakov museums in Russia is another criminal act committed by nazis against art culture and enlightenment. Tchaikovsky and Rimsky-Korsakov are two cornerstones of russian music which served to build the music edifice of our world. Though nazism is synonimous to vandalism ones heart is roused and bleeds for the loss of two great historic monuments of musical art.

Their ruins shall cast doom and disgrace upon the vandal for generations to come.

Serge Koussevitzky

Destrucción del museo de Tolstoy y del museo de Chekjhov es una nueva y definitiva evidencia de la rencorosa actitud del nazismo a la verdadera cultura. Todos los hombres libros y honrados del mundo deben protestar contra la barbara agreción.

Juan Marinello

La Habana, 31 de enero de 1942.

Die Bewegung der Nazi war von Anfang an ein ungeheurer Aufstand der Barbarei gegen die Vernunft. Sie begann mit der Einkerkerung und Erschlagung von Intellektuellen und mit der Verbrennung von Büchern. Auch die in der Sowjetunion kämpfenden Heere der Barbaren setzen naturgemäss im Geiste derer, die sie ausgesandt haben, diese Tätigkeit fort. Sie vernichten, was sie an Monumenten grosser russischer Kultur vorfinden. Die Toren glauben kindischerweise, sie konnten den Geist selber töten, wenn sie das Haus zerstören. Sie begreifen nicht, dass der Geist eines Buches weiterlebt, auch wenn sie das Papier des Buches und das Haus seines Uhrhebers aus der Welt schaffen. Die Trümmer, die sie hinterlassen, schanden nicht die grossen Toten, sie sind lediglich Denkmal der eigenen Schande der Zerstörer.

Lion Feuchtwanger

4 Febr. 1942.

The desecration of Tolstoy's Home outraged America and cemented humanity against barbarism.

Alexander Kaun

The ruins of Chekhov's House in Istra, demolished by the hitlerites

Nazi crime towards Tolstoy museum is an barbaric agression against cultural universal wealth and confirms the enevitability of people's union around heroic Red Army against common enemy.

Neruda

Mexico-city, January 31, 1942.

Strongly deprecate the dastardly destruction of memorial buildings and believe retribution will follow.

Dr. Malcom Sergent. Orchestra Conductor

The conduct of Hitler's Nazi barbarians in desecrating the homes of Tolstoy, Chekhov and Tchaikovsky is an international outrage. When the Red Army enters Weimar it will show the superiority of Soviet civilization by honouring the home of Goethe and by punishing the Nazi leaders.

Sir Charles Trevelyan.
President S. C. R. and
former President Board of Education

The wanton destruction by Nazis of Russia's holy places of literary, artistic and scientific significance fills me with indignation and horror. These acts are a true reflection of "Kultur" and history compels us now, as in past, to equate "Kultur" with barbarism. Indeed the vandals, that brother people of the Huns, have provided the world which a term of opprobium to designate this insensate destruction of cultural monuments. Within the last decade "Kultur" has effected a pitiful decline of literary, artistic and scientific values in Germany but certainly it has achieved its nadir in these new excesses. Notwithstanding the destruction of their monuments the names of Tolstoy, Chekhov, Shevchenko, Tchaikovsky, Rimsky-Korsakov and many others will live when Nazi terror has become a fading memory. Salute the undying heroism of the Red Army, the indomitable resistance of the Russian people and the splendid culture which will achieve yet more and greater triumphs when the barbarian hordes have been

finally expelled, as they surely will be, from the sacred soil of Russia.

Dr. *G. W. Tyrrell* F. R. S. E., Geologist

I abhor Nazi desecration of Russia heritage. I am convinced that you will conquer and avenge. Chekhov and Shakespeare are my most loved dramatists. I experienced the greatest happiness playing Irina, who for me is a symbol of idealistic thwarted youth awaiting the Russian renaissance.

Peggy Ashcroft,

Summerhouse Wiggington Tring

Todos los ucranianos en la Argentina y Sud-America, teniendo conocimiento sobre la destru cción del monumento de Szevczenko en Kiev y violación de su tumba en Kanev, protestan y condenan a las bárbaras actitudes del nazi-fascismo.

Bisemanario ucraniano "Svitlo."
Director—*Senczina*

Buenos Aires, 29 de enero de 1942.

Pen-Club de México protesta contra la barbarie de nazi que destruyó los museos de Tolstoy y de Chejov, causando pérdidas irreparables a la cultura universal

Gonzales Martinez—presidente

Mexico-city, 5 de febrero de 1942

Strongly protest against nazi violation of Russian cultural memorials—museum of Tchaikovsky and Rimsky-Korsakov

Carlos Chavez

Mexico-city, February 6, 1942

Ukrainian Committee pro USSR, on behalf of three thousand adherents, condemns nazi-fascist vandalism, promising duplicate their aid for liberation of Ukrainia and of invaded countries.

Myslevez—president, *Dobransky*—secretary

Buenos Aires, February 3, 1942.

I am very glad that you are publishing a black record of the wanton Nazi desecration of cultural shrines and sincere reactions of civilized persons to this lamentable vandalism. I willingly comply with your request for contributions to the Tolstoy symposium via TASS London

Elizabeth Hill

Amongst the tragic losses suffered by Russia in the invasion of her soil by German armies is the destruction of the dwelling-houses of some of her greatest artists. I remember well the thrill which I first visited Beethoven's birthplace in Bonn and I know what a wonderful thing a pilgrimage of this kind can be to a young thinker. Many of us of course have heard from friends of visits to Yasnaya Polyana. This loss adds still more to the sympathy which everyone feels for the great events of the last few months which contribute so magnificently to Russian history.

Sir Adrian Boult, Director Music B. B. C.

As a lifelong lover of Russian literature and music I send heartfelt sympathy on the destruction of your venerated national shrines. Happily not even Hitler, the new Napoleon, can destroy the work of the immortals of all countries and ages who have built and enriched the treasure-house of humanity.

Dr. *G. P. Gooch,* historian

All of us in England who love our country with its history and traditions and treasures in which that history is enshrined share the hatred and disgust with which our Russian allies have realized the appalling devastation which German militarism has worked among the historic treasures of Russia. With them we have determined that such things shall not happen again.

Professor *A. V. Hitt*

M. P. F. R. S. Secretary,
Royal Society

We must all look forward with all our hearts and souls to the re-establishment of beauty and truth which are bound to rise from the flames

of vandalism which cannot kill them—surely our reverence for lovely things will be even greater now that we realize what they mean to us.

Dame *Irene Vanbrugh*, Actress

The whole of "western" civilization faces the contradictions between and organized technology and an out-of-date social system. The Germans have resigned the struggle to produce a synthesis; and the inevitable result has been a relapse into barbarism. Tolstoy, Chekhov, Tchaikovsky—these men, because they expressed perfectly some aspects of the Russian society in which they lived, were a voice also for human feelings which persist through all social revolutions. An army whose officers, at least, cannot enforce respect for their memories is an army which has lost all hope of being more than a pack of wolves.

Dr. *C. H. Waddington*

The civilized world is horrified at the calculated brutality of the Nazi regime. Their attacks on cultural centers and precious possessions in the invaded parts of Russia will fail to achieve their object. The greatness of a nation is the spirit of its people and the Russian spirit is unquenchable. In sending a message of sympathy and tribute of admiration to the Russian people I have absolute confidence in the complete restoration of all that they hold dear.

Sir *Alfred Webb-Johnson*, President,
Royal College of Surgeons